

The Faerie Queene

By EDMUND SPENSER



BOOK I

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS
OF 1590 AND 1596
WITH INTRODUCTION AND GLOSSARY
BY
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P R E F A C E

SINCE the appearance of the two quarto volumes of the *Faerie Queene* in 1596, there have been many editions of the poem. Most of these, however, have been too balky, too expensive, or not shaped and printed to appeal to the ordinary reader. The present issue is an attempt to supply the need of a pleasant, handy, inexpensive edition for general use.

The *Faerie Queene* is too long a poem to read all at once; its length appals the reader who approaches it unwarily, not knowing that it is in reality six poems. This edition will be issued in six volumes, each volume containing one Book or division of the poem, and it is hoped that the presentation of it in such a form may induce readers to take up their *Faerie Queene* with new interest. While it is hoped that this edition may be found useful in the schools, as a convenient text of the poem, it is not at all intended for the advanced student who has access to larger editions, and time to consult books of reference. It is prepared for those general readers who use books more for pleasure than for business, and, with this end in view, the glossary has been made a very full one, including many explanations which for the student would be quite unnecessary.

Upon the text much care has been bestowed. It has been prepared from a fresh collation of the editions of 1590 and 1596, with frequent reference to other editions. Each of the two earliest issues is carelessly printed, and it is very doubtful whether Spenser himself at all completely supervised the pub-

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lication of either of them. This present edition mainly follows that of 1596, which differs in some important readings from the issue of 1590. The spelling also of that edition is on the whole less archaic, and this, though due perhaps only to the meddling of the printers, is an advantage to the general reader. The more important textual differences between the two early editions are pointed out in the notes to this volume.

In the preparation of this glossary the work of nearly all the previous editors of the poem has been consulted; but I wish to acknowledge my particular obligation to the glossary of Mr. Mayhew, and also to the *New English Dictionary*, a work for which every student of English feels entirely grateful, and whose completion is heartily to be wished.

KATE M. WARREN.

INTRODUCTION

A LITTLE more than three hundred years ago, early in 1596, there issued from the press in London two fair-sized quarto volumes, entitled *The Faerie Queene, Disposed into Twelve Books, Fashioning XII. Morale Vertues.* The first of these volumes was already known to readers of poetry, for the contents of it had been published six years before, in 1590, and had charmed the whole of the cultivated society of England. Three out of the twelve promised "bookes" of the *Faerie Queene* were then contained in it ; now, a second set of three books was given to the world, and with them a re-issue, with some textual alteration, of the first portion of the poem.

The author, Edmund Spenser, had been known and acknowledged as a poet of high rank for over fifteen years, and just as Victorian England in the "fifties," and afterwards, looked with eager interest for every new instalment of the *Idylls of the King*, so did the England of Elizabeth await the continuation of the *Faerie Queene*. But, unlike Tennyson, Spenser never lived to finish his poem ; he died three years later, in January, 1599. He was only forty-seven, and his life was shorter than that of any other of the greater poets of England who have lived to mature their poetic gift ; yet in his comparatively short life he had seen and known much, and had done no small share of work both in the active world of business and in poetry.

We know with fair accuracy the outline of his life, while the affectionate researches of Dr. Grosart¹ have enabled us to fill

¹ *Life and Works of Spenser*, edited by Dr. Grosart ; printed for the Spenser Society.

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in many of its details. The poet was born in London, about 1552, of a poor but old family. He went to school at the Merchant Taylors', and thence to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, as a sizar, in 1569. Not long before that date he seems to have begun literary work in the translation of some sonnets of Du Bellay and of Petrarch. At the University he read widely, and made at least two firm friendships, one with Gabriel Harvey, a literary man much older than himself and a Fellow of the college, and the other with Edward Kirke, a youth of his own age. In 1576 he took his degree and, leaving college, appears to have visited the "North partes" of England; but we now lose sight of him for nearly three years. All we know is that he fell into a love which was unreturned, and coming South again, formed with Sir Philip Sidney another of his strong friendships. He must have also been studying and writing poetry during these years, for in 1579 he published *The Shepherd's Calendar*, which immediately won for him a reputation. It was the first remarkable poetic work that had appeared in England since the time of Chaucer, and every lover of poetry at once gave it welcome. But successful as the poem was, a poet in the days of Elizabeth could not live by poetry, and after some delay Spenser obtained, through the influence of friends, the appointment of Secretary to the Deputy of Ireland, Lord Grey de Wilton, in whose company he went to Dublin. From that date he passed nearly all his life in Ireland,¹ part of the time holding subordinate offices under the English Government, and finally settling down at Kilcolman, among the Galtee Hills, upon an estate granted to him from the confiscated land of Irish noblemen. It was here, perhaps, that he first entered into intimate friendship with Sir Walter

¹ For an account of the state of Ireland during Spenser's lifetime, see the poet's prose treatise, *A View of the Present State of Ireland*, and also Dean Church's *Spenser*.

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Raleigh, through whom he was induced to bring to England, and publish, in 1590, the first part of the *Faerie Queene*. The visit to England re-introduced him to the Queen and brought him into greater prominence as a poet, but it did not bring him all the material good he hoped, though a small pension was given him a little later. He returned to Ireland somewhat disappointed, and disillusioned with the Court life, as he tells us in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*. But in 1594 he must have forgotten his disappointment, for in that year he married very happily.¹ Two years later, in 1596, he crossed again to England with the second instalment (Books IV. to VI.) of the *Faerie Queene*, and apparently, as before, did not gain much more by his visit than increase of reputation. He came back to Kilcolman, and lived the next few years, we may suppose, in quiet happiness. But his life closed in tragedy. In the great Irish rising known as Tyrone's rebellion, in 1598, his home was attacked and burned, and he had to escape with wife and children to England.² Soon afterwards, in January, 1599, he died at Westminster, and was buried in the Abbey, close to Chaucer. These are the bare facts of his outer life; how he lived and felt within himself we can discover from his poems, which are interwoven with his own personality.

The whole period of his life covers the greater part of Elizabeth's reign, and both life and poetry alike are pervaded with the spirit of that wonderful time when "the sphere of human interest was widened as it has never been widened before or since by the revelation of a new heaven and a new earth." To all that was noblest in that age Spenser gave expression. But his long residence in Ireland (exile, as the

¹ See the *Sonnets* and the *Epithalamion*.

² There was a legend that one of his children was lost in the fire, but this is now disproved, as well as the statement that the poet died in beggary.

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(more sympathetic biographers like to call it,) cut him off from sharing fully in the life of Elizabethan England ; though at the same time it secured for him a solitude well fitted to develop the particular character of his genius. It kept him, too, amid scenery that held the elements of mystery and beauty ; and the tragic warfare in the island, going on continually, gave a further touch of dread romance to his life there. These things would tend to impel rather than restrain his creative poetic power. The *Faerie Queene* was almost entirely written in Ireland, and it reflects, in its scenery and much of its story, the mystic, perplexing, and fascinating country in which it arose.

In this great poem we have Spenser's matured work, his unique genius at its highest. It is unfinished, but that does not lessen the pleasure given by its separate divisions : each of the six Books may be fairly regarded as a whole poem in itself ; and they will be published as distinct volumes in this series.

A great deal of criticism has been expended upon the *Faerie Queene*, and of very opposite character. Macaulay's opinion is well known : "Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death¹ of the Blatant Beast" (*i.e.* at the end of the 6th Book). A more recent critic writes, "It is the only long poem that a lover of poetry can sincerely wish longer." "It has no harmony of design ; Spenser's subject ran away with him," says one ; while from another the answer comes "There is complete harmony, and Spenser is superior to

¹ Perhaps Macaulay himself never read to the end of the *Faerie Queene*, for his statement is erroneous. The Blatant Beast, to our misfortune, was only caught and muzzled, and afterwards

he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.
And he is still at large.

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his subject, comprehends it fully, frames it with a view to its end." Some find it alive with humanity, others blame it for an absence of human interest. A certain writer details at length the "sources of annoyance and disappointment" he discovers in the poem ; while, again, a critic of equal rank finds it so "truly divine" that its flaws are only as spots in the glory of the sun. Not the most grudging critic, however, has denied to it greatness and beauty. Its wealth of imagination, its richness of colouring, its nobility of thought, the exquisite music of its verse, compel admiration. He only can criticise it with full justice who is himself a poet and as deeply steeped in the love of beauty as Spenser was. The greatest poets of England from Milton down to Tennyson have reverenced and delighted in the *Faerie Queene*. It has made poets, and will continue to make poets.

But Spenser's poem is not only for the singers ; it appeals to all who have leisure of heart to care for beauty—beauty either of the inner or the outer life. And those who wish to realize the enthusiasm for loveliness that the poet felt as he wrote the *Faerie Queene* should turn to his "Hymn to Heavenly Beauty." There will be found the essential spirit which impelled into creation all his poetic power—his passionate love and worship of beauty ; not merely external loveliness, but the whole of beauty, sensuous, moral, and spiritual, the image of the perfect wherever it may be found. Spenser's great desire was to capture something of this beauty, and embody it in noble verse :—

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravish'd thought, *a*
Through contemplation of those goodly sights
And glorious images in heaven wrought, *a*
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights, *b*
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights ;
I fau to tell the things that I behold, *a*
But feele my wits to fail, and tongue to fold. *c*

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The *Faerie Queene* is one of the attempts of the poet “to tell the things that he beheld.”

But there are two things apt to hinder the enjoyment of the ordinary reader when he opens the *Faerie Queene* for the first time—the archaic language, and the far-away air of the world of mediæval romance into which he is allured. Yet if he read on for a short time steadily, catching anything at all of the spirit of the poem, these difficulties disappear. The language is much more like that of the present day than at first it seems, especially if read aloud. Though Spenser made his words designedly archaic, comparatively few of them have gone entirely out of use, and with the occasional aid of a glossary even these become familiar. But for the carping of the earlier critics the language would probably never have been magnified into such a mountain of difficulty as it has been. Still more quickly may we feel at home in Spenser’s romantic world. It is true that this vague enchanted land of his is peopled with knights and ladies of the bygone age of chivalry, who set forth upon improbable journeys, and encounter foes never seen of the actual eye; but yet they are ordinary human beings, who, when placed in the old, common, human situations, feel exactly as the men and women of to-day and of every time would feel. When Una meets, as she supposes, her long-lost knight who had left her in her trouble with a cruel indifference that hurt her to the quick, few words could be more simply true to the human joy of reconciliation with a friend or lover than those that describe her feelings (Canto iii., St. 30). Or take the knight’s encounter with Despair: the story of it is not far away from being a 16th century version of the “Two Voices” of our own time.

The allegory underlying the *Faerie Queene* has been very differently viewed. Some would make it of main importance in the poem; others say it is little worth. The Prefatory Letter

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to Raleigh (printed on page 217) shows that Spenser himself thought it of importance. He points out there a double allegory : one historical, connected with the events and persons of his own time ; the other spiritual, belonging to human life in all time. The first (in which, for example, Gloriana is Queen Elizabeth, and Duessa, Mary Queen of Scots) is of little interest to the reader of poetry, and the second need not be searched for too closely by those who are new to the poem.

An ordinary reader will most enjoy the *Faerie Queene* if he takes it simply as a story, the bearing of which on life is fairly self-evident, following just as much of the allegory as lies on the surface in the leading names. Still it should not be forgotten that the poet has wrought out his allegory with great care, and it is possible to trace in almost every detail of the poem a spiritual meaning, as Ruskin has done with a portion of Book I. (See *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii., appendix 2.) Regarding this spiritual side of its meaning it is enough here to say of the *Faerie Queene* that it is "the poem of the noble powers of the human soul struggling towards union with God and striving against all forms of evil." It is the same idea, only conceived in a wider and less personal way, that we find in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

In the same letter to Raleigh, Spenser gives the plan of the whole poem as he meant it to be when complete. It was to fill twelve Books, and each of these was to celebrate, in the person of a knight, the triumph of one of the "twelve private, moral virtues" which, according to Aristotle, go to make up a noble character.¹ The knights were all to proceed on their quest from the court of the Faerie Queene, Gloriana (the Divine Glory), who was imagined to hold annually a feast

¹ Spenser, however, went beyond this limited range of subject, for he makes each Book not only the celebration of a single virtue, but a "commentary on the whole breadth of life."

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for twelve days, sending forth, each day, at the prayer of a sufferer, a champion to redress the wrong. But this was not all. Prince Arthur, the old British hero, representing Magnificence, or the whole of Virtue, was supposed by the poet to have seen the Faerie Queene in a vision, and to have fallen in love with her. He wanders over the earth trying to find her, and coming across her "erraunt" knights, helps them in their several enterprises. Finally he was to marry the Faerie Queene.¹

It is scarcely needful to point out that for the material of this poem Spenser drew largely from other poets. Chaucer, the Romances of Chivalry, and the Italian poets, Ariosto and Tasso,—but especially the two last,—all furnish him with incident and "machinery," sometimes also with illustration, phrasing, and words. The classics, chiefly Homer and Virgil, are also laid under contribution. But the noble poetry, the high idealism, the richness of colour and imagery, and the unique manner of the *Faerie Queene* are wholly of Spenser himself. As every one knows, the stanza of the poem, too, was his own happy invention. To the well-known eight-lined Ballade stanza he simply added an Alexandrine line, and made the charming verse-form now known by his name.

Of the intended twelve books only six and a portion of a seventh were ever written. The "Legends" treated were those of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, Courtesy, and (perhaps) Constancy. This little volume contains the First Book; it is the history of the Knight of Holiness, St. George of the Red Cross.

It is impossible within the limits of a short introduction to write at any length of the conduct and special qualities of this

¹ Spenser goes on to say, in his letter, that if this poem found favour he would perhaps write another which should exemplify in Arthur the "politic virtues,"—portraying him as the perfect king.

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TO
THE MOST HIGH
MIGHTY
AND
MAGNIFICENT
EMPERER RENOW-
MED FOR PIETIE, VER-
TUE, AND ALL GRATIOUS
GOVERNMENT ELIZABETH BY
THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE
OF ENGLAND FRANCE AND
IRELAND AND OF VIRGI-
NIA, DEFENDOUR OF THE
FAITH, &c. HER MOST
HUMBLE SERVAUNT
EDMUND SPENSER
DOTH IN ALL HU-
MILITIE DEDI-
CATE, PRE-
SENT
AND CONSECRATE THESE
HIS LABOURS TO LIVE
WITH THE ETERNI-
TIE OF HER
FAME

THE FIRST BOOKE OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING

*The Legende
of the Knight of the Red Crosse,
or of Holinesse*

I

Lo I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst a far unsitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds ;
Whose prayses having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng :
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

II

Help then, O holy Virgin chiefe of nine,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will ;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fairest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong :
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

And thou most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde ;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

IV

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirroure of grace and Majestie divine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth shin
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile .
The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dred, a-while

CANTO I

*The Nation of true Holiness
foul Errour doth deceate;
Hypocrisie him to entrappe
doth to his home entreate.*

1

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine, —
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shidle, —
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine, —
The cruel markes of many'a bloody field; —
Yet armes till that time did he never wield: —
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt, —
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield: —
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt, —
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt. —

II

And on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had;
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad; —
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad. —

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave ;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low, /,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd : so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow ;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held ;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprone
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemid in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand :
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre :
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre :
Faire harbour that them seemes ; so in they entred arre.

VIII

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne ;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was shounre,
But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne,
So many pathes, so many turnings scene,
That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they bee

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XII

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke :
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts : Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show : therefore your stroke,
Sir knight, with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Ladie, (said he) shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade :
Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

XIII

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though now too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrace.
This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :
Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe) this is no place for living men.

XIV

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in : his glistening armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdain.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisnous dugs, eachone
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favored :
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI

Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
Fro^t turning backe, and forced her to stay :
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay :
Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst :
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground :
Tho wrapping up her wretched sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine :
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine.

XIX

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint :
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumpes of flesh and goblets raw,
Which stunk so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe :
Her vomit full of bookees and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras .
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale :
But when his later ebb gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly female of his fruitful seed ;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reeke.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceiv'd to shrinke
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle Shepheard in sweete even-tide,
When ruddy Phoebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which do bite their hasty supper best,
A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest,
All strivirg to infixe their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANO 1

XXIV

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin
And strooke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie sin
He raft her hatefull head without remorse ;
A stremme of cole black bloud forth gushed from her corse.

XXV

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth : but being there withstanded
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth : well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst ;
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he shold contend.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

His Ladie seeing all that chaunst, from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And said, Faire knight, borne under happy starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye :
Well worthie be you of that Armorie,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may.

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend ;
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought ;
Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had ;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

• THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was :
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

XXXI

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere,
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare :
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.

XXXII

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (sayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be : for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might ?
The Sunne that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE.

XXXIII

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin :
Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.
Right well Sir knight ye have advised bin,
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win
Is wisely to advise : now day is spent ;
Therefore with me ye may take up your In
For this same night. The knight was well content :
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV

A little lowly IHermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and froe : a little wyde
There was an holy Chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde :
Thereby a Christall streme did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was :
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will ;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas :
For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evemore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XXXVI

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes :
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to this study goes, and there amildes
His Magick bookees and artes of sundry kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame,
And cursed heaven, and spake reprochfull shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light ;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, Prince of darknessse and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknessse dred
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes
Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray his enimies :
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes ;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast ;
And wakeful dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enmy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes : of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streme from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne :
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might ther̄ be heard : but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XLII

The messenger approaching to him spake,
But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine :
So sound he slept, that nougt mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch : but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is lost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate; whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
Hafse angry asked him, for what he caine.
Hither (quoth he) me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

XLIV

The God obayde, and, calling forth straightway
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of carefull carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his little winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravish't quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

XLVI

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guile, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

XLVII

Thus well instructed, to their worke they hast,
And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardy head him plast
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy,
Her chast hart had subdewd, to learne Dame Pleasures toy

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XLVIII

And she herselfe of beautie soveraigne Queene,
Fayre Venus seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking evermore did weene,
To bee the chasteſt flowre, that ay did ſpring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose Leman to vile ſervice bound :
And eke the Graces ſeemed all to ſing,
Hymen to Hymen daunceing all around,
Whilſt freshest Flora her with Yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX

In this great paſſion of unwonted luſt,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He ſtarted up, as ſeeming to miſtrut
Some ſecret ill, or hidden foe of hiſ:
Lo there before hiſ face hiſ Lady iſ,
Under blake ſtole hyding her bayted hooke ;
And as halfe bluſhing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandiſhment and loveli looke,
Moſt like that virgin true, which for her knight hiſ took.

L

All cleane dismayd to ſee ſo uncouth ſight,
And half enraged at her shameleſſe guife,
He thought have ſlaine her in hiſ fierce deſpight :
But hasty heat tempring with ſuſfrance wiſe,
He stayde hiſ hand, and gan hiſelfe advise
To prove hiſ ſenſe, and tempt her faigned truſh.
Wringing her hands in womans pitteous wiſe,
Tho can ſhe weepe, to ſtirre up gentle ruth,
Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender youth.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LI

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mighty causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently

LII

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My Fathers kingdome—There she stopt with teates;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave,
And then againe begun; My weaker yeares
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not dye in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

LIII

Love of your selfe, she saide, and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth: yet since no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend; but said, Deare dame I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such grieve unto you grew.

THE FAERIE QUEENE . [CANTO I

LIV

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground ;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound :
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And sed with words that could not chuse but please,
So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last, dull wearinesse of former fight
Having yrokt asleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight :
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe

CANTO II

*The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
the Redrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
and workes him wofull ruth.*

I

By this the Northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre :
And chearefull Chaanticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

II

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night :
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bookees againe.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I:

III

Estsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
 And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
 A seeming body of the subtile aire,
 Like a young Squire, in loves and lustybed
 His wanton dayes that ever loosely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight :
 Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,
 Coverd with darknesse and misdeeming night,
 Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
 Unto his guest, who after troublous sights
 And dremes, gan now to take more sound repast,
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearfull frights,
 As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
 And to him cals, Rise, rise, unhappy Swaine
 That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
 Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine,
 Come see where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

V

All in amaze he suddenly upstart
 With sword in hand, and with the old man went
 Who soone him brought into a secret part
 Where that false couple were full closely ment
 In wanton lust and leud embracement :
 Which when he saw, he burnt with geadous fire,
 The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
 And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe and brought forth dawning light,
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily ;
The Dwarfe hini brought his steed : so both away do fly.

VII

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed ;
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each houre :
Then gan she walle and weepe, to see that woefull stowre.

VIII

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slow beast could make ; but all in vaine :
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disclaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine ;
Yet she her weary limbis would never rest,
But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

IX

But subtil Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may work unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mightie science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden power of herbes, and might of Magicke spell?

XI

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon:
And silver shield, upon his coward brest
A bloudy crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of haires discoloured diversly:
Full jolly knight he seenide, and well addrest,
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meeete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII

He had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

XIV

With faire disport and courting dalliaunce
She intertainde her lover all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XV

The knight of the Redcrosse when him he spide,
Spurring so hote with rage despiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride :
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselves, too raudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

XVI

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meete, that with the terrour of the shooke
Astonied both, stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory :
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII

The Sarazin sore daunted with the buffe
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies ;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff :
Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce : repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And stremes of purple bloud new dies the verdant fields.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the Sarazin),
That keepes thy body from the bitter fit ;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it :
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest
With rigour so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing down his shield from blame him fairly blest.

XIX

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downne alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave : his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh ; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules do fly of men, that live amis.

xx

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre ;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXI

She turning backe with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart,
And said, Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me ; but now put feare apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

XXII

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament ;
The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was, (O what now availeth that I was !)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his thron, where Tiberis doth pas.

XXIII

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage ;
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire ;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine, that shall I ever mone.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

His blessed body spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid
And fro me hid : of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me, unhappy maid,
O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid.
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I strайд,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languish as the striken hind.

XXV

At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meeete me wandring, who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread ;
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansjoy :
And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sansloy.

XXVI

In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
Craving of you in pitty of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell ;
And said, Faire Lady hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes which ye shew.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXVII

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest :
Better new friend then an old foe is said
With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain said,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And she coy lookes : so dainty they say maketh derth.

XXVIII

Long time they thus together traveiled,
Till weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadow far in compasse round :
The fearfull Shepheard often there aghast
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
For the cool shade him thither hastly got :
For golden Phœbus now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide ;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes there as they sit :
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit ;
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit,
And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He plukt a bough ; out of whose rist there came
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

XXXI

Therewith a piteous yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love,
O too deare love, love bought with death too deare.
Astond he stood, and up his haire did hove ;
And with that suddein horror could no member move.

XXXII

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake ;
What voyce of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtfull eares these speaches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare ?

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II]

XXXIII

Then groning deepe, Nor damned Ghost, (quoth he.)
Nor guileful sprite to thee these wordes doth speake,
But once a man Fradubio, now a tree,
Wretched man, wretched tree ; whose nature weake
A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines :
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

XXXIV

Say on Fradubio then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the knight, by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ?
He oft finds med'cine, who his grieve imparts ;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppresse.
The author then (said he) of all my smarts,
Is one Duessa a false sorceresse,
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

XXXV

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
The fire of love and joy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lot
To love this gentle Lady, whom ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree,
With whom as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his syde,
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to have exceeded farre ;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre.
So both to battell fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare : such is the dye of warre :
His Lady left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede ;
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede :
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreeede.
Fraelissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
And by her hellish science raisd streightway
A foggy mist, that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her for her beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace :
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXXIX

Then ride she out, Fye, fy, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitched all mens sight ;
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
And would have kild her ; but with faigned paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand-with-hold ;
So left her, where she now is turnd to green mould.

XL

Then forth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same,
Till on a day (that day is every Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme :
A filthy soule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

XLI

Her neather parts misshappen, monstruous,
Were hid in water, that I could not see.
But they did seeme more soule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie :
For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought, and drownd in sleepie night,
With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight :
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight,
Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

XLIII

Put how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misformed house to dwell?
We may not chaunge (quoth he) this evil pligt,
Till we be bathed in a living well ;
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
O how, said he, mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well ?
Time and suffised fates to former kynd
Shall us restore, none else from hence may us unbynd.

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with fresh cla, did close the wooden wound :
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XLV

Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew,
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her cylids blew
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
At last she up gan lift : with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, too simple and too trew,
And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO · III

*Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
and makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
in hand of leahour vylde.*

I

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t' unworthy wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
Or through allegianceance and fast fealtie,
Whlich I do owe unto all woman kind,
Feele my hart perst with so great agonie,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

II

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her 'knight divorced in despaire,
And her due loves deriv'd to that vile witches share.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

III

Yet she most faithfull Ladie all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd
Fai from all peoples please, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayed,
To seeke her knight ; who subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision, which th' Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She of nougnt affrayd,
Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought ;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay
In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight :
From her faire heid her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shadie place ;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V

It fortuned out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood ;
Soone as the royll virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse :
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage asswaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious **forse**.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

In stead thercof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong?
Whose yeelde pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII

The Lyon Lord of every beast in field
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt; in pittie of my sad estate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate,
Her that him loyd, and ever most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

VIII

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last in close hart shutting up her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy "Alfrey got againe,
To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might attaine.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

IX

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard :
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X

Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde ;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine bore ;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

XI

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all ;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand ;
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away : for never in that land
Face of faire Ladie she before did vew,
And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay,
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night : nough! could she say,
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare ;
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, wearie Dame, and entrance did require.

XIII

Which when none yeelded, her unruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in ; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darkesome corner pent ;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads devoutly penitent ;
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

XIV

And to augment her painefull pannance more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bit :
But now for feare her beads she did forget.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una fram'd words and count'rance fit :
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

XV

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe ;
Sad Una downe her laines in wearie plight,
And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe :
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

XVI

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie
Above the shynie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare ;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entrance was not at his call :
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

XVII

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiese,
Wont to robbe Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents ;
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept ;
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome usd, that few did know,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plentie, which in all the land did grow ;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings :
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

XIX

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let :
He woulde no longer stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is ; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

XX

Him booteheth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath : the thirsty land
Drunke up his life ; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap, which on them is alight,
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen night.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

XXI

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the Lyon eke,
And on their former journey forward pas,
In wayes unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines farre passing that long wandring Greeke,
That for his love refused deitie ;
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flie ;
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nie.

XXII

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twaine,
That blind old woman and her daughter deare,
Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there slaine,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare.
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,
Hafse mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity ;
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

But when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
She backe returned with some labour lost ;
And in the way as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtil Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have tost :
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a Ladie she could tellen ought.

XXV

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
That caused hēr shed so many a bitter teare,
And so forth told the story of her feare :
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that Ladie did inquere ;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde Champion wayting her besyde :
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hill, from whence when she him spyde,
By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde :
Approaching nigh, sh' wist it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came :

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

XXVII

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
That should as death unto my deare heart light:
For since mine eye your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis.

XXVIII

He thereto meeting said, My dearest Dame,
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave, that have me loved still,
And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill,
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
Then I leave you, my liefe, yborne of heavenly berth.

XXIX

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,
Where Archimago said a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint appease.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines : one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence :
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sower :
She has forgot, how many a woful stowre
For him she late endurd ; she speakes no more
Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe ; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Oft soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound,
Soone as the port from farre he has espide,
His chearefull whistle merrily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups ; his mates him pledg around.

XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found ;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemd no lesse,
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship farre come from watrie wildernessee,
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse :
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment :
Who told her all that fell in journey as she went.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

XXXIII

They had not ridden farre, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastic heat,
Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free,
That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chaufed side ;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloudie lines was dyde.

XXXIV

When nigh he drew unto this gentle piyre
And saw the Red crosse, which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele ;
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new goodhap he gan to feele ;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

XXXV

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did pierce,
And had his staggering steede not shrunke for feare,
Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare :
Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare :
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reave his life,
And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed
Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloudie knife ;
Henceforth his ghost freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake,
When mourning altars purgd with enemies life,
The blacke infernall Furies doen aslake :
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take.

XXXVII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, O hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place :
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy : Mercie not withstand :
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,
And whilst him fortune favourd, faire did thrive
In bloudie field : therefore of life him not deprive.

XXXVIII

Her piteous words might not abate his rage,
But rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slaine him straight : but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight :
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magike to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight ;

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

XXXIX

And said, Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amis?
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

XL

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey plunkt, her visage to behold.

XLI

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have rest away with his sharpe rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeem'd, and foorth his swerd he drawes.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

O then too weake and feeble was the forse
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand :
For he was strong, and of so mightye corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And laucht his Lordly hart : with death opprest
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

XLIII

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will ?
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight
Her vildly entertaines, and will or nill,
Bears her away upon his courser light :
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

XLIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaints she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine,
And all the way she wets with flowing teares :
But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares,
To be partaker of her wandring woe,
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV

*To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithfull knight,
Where brother's death to wreak Sansjoy
doth challenge him to fight.*

I.

YOUNG knight whatever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness,
In choice, and change of thy deare loved Dame,
Least thou of her beleeve too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove :
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love ;
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove

II

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposd to bee ;
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished,
The house of mightie Prince it seemid to bee :
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiled.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Great troupes of people traveild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace ;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither Duessa bad him bend his pace :
For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismайд :
High listed up were many lostie towres,
And goodly galleries farre over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres ;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit ;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sit :
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked it :
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

VI

Arrived there, they passed in forth right ;
For still to all the gates stood open wide :
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Cald Malvenù, who entrance none denide :
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight :
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount ; whose glorious view
Their frayle amazed senses did confound :
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew ;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lordes and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence faire the place much beautifde.

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as Titans ray,
In glistening gold, and peerelesse pretious stone :
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnessse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

Exceeding shone, like Phoebus fairest childe,
That did presume his fathers firie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne ;
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

X

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to heaven ; for earth she did disdayne :
And sitting high ; for lowly she did hate :
Lo underneath her scornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight ;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

XI

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell ;
Yet did she thinke her pearlesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell ;
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did Jove excell :
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XII

And proud Lucifer men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold :
Ne rul'd her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

XIII

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire :
So godly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeysance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royll state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

XIV

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise ;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of Princesse worthy, searse them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Thenuselves to setten forth to straungers sight :
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some pranke their ruffles, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire : each others greater pride does spight.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew :
But to Duess' each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew ;
For in that court whylome her well they knew :
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding proud,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI

Suddein upriſeth from her stately place
The royll Dame, and for her coche did call :
All hurtlen forth, and she with Princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call :
So forth she comes : her brightness brode doth blaze ;
The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze :
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

XVII

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in royll rich array,
Great Junoes golden chaire, the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when ſhe does ride
To Joves high house through heavens bras-paved way
Drawne of faire Peacockes, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tailēs dispredden wide.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XVIII

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applyde :
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse the nourse of sin ;
Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

XIX

And in his hand his Portessee still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red,
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded ;
Scarce could he once uphold his heavie hed,
To looken, whether it were night or day :
May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

XX

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise,
From every worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake : yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotise ;
By which he grew to grievous malady ;
For in his lustlesse limbs through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually :
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne ;
His belly was up-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne ;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him detest.'

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad ;
For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat :
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drouken corse he scarce upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

XXIII

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unnable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his friend he seldom knew his fo :
Full of diseases was his carcass blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow :
Which by misdiet daily greater grew :
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXIV

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
And whally eyes (the signe of gelosity),
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemly man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse,
For he was false, and fraught with sicklenessse;
And learned had to love with secret looks;
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnessse,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookees,
And thousand other wayes, to bait his fleshly hookees.

XXVI

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But joyd weak wemens hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move;
Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine
Of that fowle evill, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lecherie, the third of all this traine.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a Camell loaden all with gold ;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious mettall full as they might hold ;
And in his lap an heape of coine he told ;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold ;
Accursed usurie was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplast,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,
Ne scarce good morsell all his life did tast,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare ;
Vet chylde ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life unto him selfe unknowne.

XXIX

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished ever more ;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand ;
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXX

And next to him malicious Envie rode,
Upon a ravenous Wolfe, and still did chaw
Betwene his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw ;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad ;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous glad.

XXXI

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes ;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many foldes, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heapes of gold with gripple Covetyse ;
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifer, and his owne companie.

XXXII

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use,
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse ;
So every good to bad he doth abuse :
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt :
Such one vile Envie was, that fiste in row did sitt.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led ;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed ;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded ;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

XXXIV

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood,
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvised rashnesse woxen wood ;
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement :
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruell facts he often would repent ;
Yet wilfull man he never would forecast,
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischieves follow cruell Wrath ;
Abhorred bloodshed and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifte scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting grieve the enemy of life ;
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire :
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXXVI

And after all, upon the wagon beame
Rodie Sathan, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land ;
And underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculs and bones of men, whose life had gone astray

XXXVII

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport ;
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine :
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estranging from their joyaunce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unsit for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII

So having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe retourned to the Princely Place ;
Whereas an errant knight in armes yced,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ *Sans joy*, they new arrived find :
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloudy vengeance in his bitter mind.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Who when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
His eldest brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snatched away :
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage
Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

XL

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine ;
Till that great Queene upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI

Ah dearest Dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,) Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy (O who can then refrayn ?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heape disdayn.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XIII

And to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe
Is there possessed of the traytour vyle,
Who reapes the harvest sownen by his foe,
Sownen in bloudy field, and bought with woe :
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O Queene, you equall favour shewe.
Him little answerd th' angry Elfin knight ;
He never meant with words, but swords to plead his right.

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledge,
His cause in combat the next day to try :
So been they parted both, with harts on edge
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall ;
For Steward was excessive Gluttonie,
That of bis plenty poured forth to all ;
Which doen, the Chamberlain Slowth did to rest them call.

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Up-rose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with speaches seeming fit :
Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy,
Joyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greev'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye ;
Lo his Fidessa to thy secret faith I flye.

XLVI

With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
And bad say on the secret of her hart.
Then sighing soft, I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart :
For since my brest was laucht with lovely dart
Of deare Sans foy, I never joyed howré,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

XLVII

At last when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reap the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast,
By this false faytor, who unworthy ware
His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave.
Me silly maid a vay with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
For that I would not yeeld, that to Sans foy I gave.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XLVIII

But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring cloud,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd,
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight :
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
Be unieveng'd, that calles to you above
From waulding Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move.

XLIX

Thereto said he, Faire Dame, be nought dismayd
For sorrowes past ; their grieve is with them gone :
Ne yet of present perill be affraid ;
For needlesse feare did never vantage none,
And helplesse hap it bootteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deepe do grone :
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.

L

O but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)
Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
Why Dame (quoth he) what oddes can ever bee,
Where both do fight alike, to win or yield ?
Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce,
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
Charmed or enchaunted (answeid he then fierce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to rehierge.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LI

But faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aid
Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.

CANTO V

*The faithfull knight in equall field
subderves his faithlesse foe,
Whom false Duessa saves, anl for
his cure to hell does goe.*

I

THE noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing, how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might ;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

II

At last the golden Orientall gate,
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And Phoebus fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire :
And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepaire,
In sunbright armes, and battailous array :
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voyces cunningly,
And many Chroniclers that can record
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

IV

Scene after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Arabie,
And daintie splices fetcht from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily :
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
To observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

V

At last forth comes that far renownmed Queene,
With royall pomp and Princely majestie ;
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open view
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sans-foy his shield is hangd with bloody hew :
Both those the lawieⁿ girlonds to the victor dew.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

VI

A shrilling trumpet souned from on hye,
And unto battaill bad them selves addresse :
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heads do blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heaviness :
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deep dinterd furrowes in the battred mayle ;
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

VII

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great ;
For after bloud and vengeance he did long,
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat :
For all for prayse and honour he did fight,
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
And helmets hewen deepe show marks of eithers myght.

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right :
As when a Gryfon seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away ;
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore that they the heavens affray :
The wise Soothsayer seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe :
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh that streames of bloud down flow,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did shew,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde :
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

X

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eyè,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathful fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby :
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whilst here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
And sluggish german doest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake ?

XI

Goe caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe ;
Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe.
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall ;
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake :
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast avengd to bee,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee ;
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII

And to him said, Goe now proud Miscreant,
Thy selfe thy message do to german deare :
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want :
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine ; when loe a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell : he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives : the darknes him does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said, O prowest knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloudie vengeance ; lo th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He sought all round about, his thirstie blade
To bath in bloud of faithlesse enemy ;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade :
He standes amazed, how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hic,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene :
Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

XVII

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed :
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly can embalme on every side.
And all the while, most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of grieve and agony :
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XVIII

As when a wearie traveller that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares :
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unawares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

XIX

So wept Duessa untill eventide,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light :
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comès unto the place, where th' Hethen knight
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day :
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his woefull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way.

XX

Where grie-ly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darkesome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Alreadie harnessed for journey new ;
And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rustic bits did champ, as they were wood.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

Who when she saw Duessa sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare:
For never did such brightness there appeare,
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Until the witches speech she gan to heare,
Saying, Yet, O thou dreaded Dame, I crave
Abide, till I have told the message which I have.

XXII

She stayd, and foorth Duessa gan proceede,
O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of Gods celestiall,
Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
Lo where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

XXIII

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansloy shrinke underneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugl's sonnes so evill heare?
Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
When two of three her Nephews are so fowle forlorne?

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXIV

Up then, up dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,
Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene,
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire light deface.
Her feeling speeches some compassion moved
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face :
Yet pittie in her hart was never proved
Till then: for evermore she hated, never loved.

XXV

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew^r
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes ensew :
But who can turne the stremme of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat ?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great :
To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

XXVI

Yet shall they not escape so freely all ;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt :
And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne bloud price that he has spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt ?
I that do seeme not I, Duessa am,
(Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came ;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.

CANTO V] THE EAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying ; In that faire face
The false resemblance of Deceipt I wist
Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darkesome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falsehood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome child, whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unwares. Lo now I go with thee.

XXVIII

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the foy le welf vourd witch :
Through mirkesome airc her readie way she maker.
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, ye. eael to each unlich,
Did softly swin away, ne ever stampe,
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch ;
Then foming, tare, their bridles they would champe.
And trampling the fine element would fiercely rampe.

XXIX

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sense, and native strength.
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
They binden up so wisely, as they may,
And handle soft'y, till they can be healed :
So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXX

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay :
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle
With drery shriekes did also her bewray ;
And hungry Wolves continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

XXXI

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavie corse with easie pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.
By that same hole an entrance darke and bace
With smoake and sulphure hiding all the place,
Descends to hell : there creature never past,
That backe returned without heavenly grace ;
But dreadfull Furies which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

XXXII

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charet, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutos house are come bilive :
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eyes ; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

They ps the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharpe shrilling shriekes doe boylesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous,
And lidded forth his bloudie flaming tong :
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, until Dayes enemy
Did him appease ; then downe his taile he hong
And suffered them to passen quietly :
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin ;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin ;
And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw ;
Typhoeus joynsts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law,
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXXVI

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them ; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part ;
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad Aesculapius farre apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse,
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

XXXVII

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charett chace the soming Bore :
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
But Ladies love as losse of time forbore :
His wanton stepdame loved him the more,
But when she saw her offred sweets refused,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accused,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abused.

XXXVIII

Who all in rage his Sea-god syre besought,
Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast,
From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,
With dread whereof his chasing steedes aghast,
Both charet swift and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corps on ragged clifffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattered on every mountaine, as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no moniment.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

His cruell step daine seeing what was donne,
Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne,
Which hearing, his rash Syre began to rend
His haire, and hastie tongue that did offend.
Tho gathering up the relicks of his smart,
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and joyned every part.

XL

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raine
When Jove avyld, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew againe,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire, that raged evermore.

XLI

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh wearie waine, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whom having softly disarrayd of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XLI

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou temptest me in vain,
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that thrust from heaven dew
Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray
The wrath of thundring Jove that rules both night and day?

XLII

Not so (quoth she) but sith that heavens king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou farre renowned sonne
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great paines, and greater praise, both never to be donne.

XLIV

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
To runne her timely race, whilst Phœbus pure,
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

The false Duessa leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pride ;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence, albe his woundes wide
Not throughly heald, unreadie were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away ;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spide
Where in a dongeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytive wretched thrals, that wayled night and day.

XLVI

A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie ;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitié,
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,
Provokt with Wrath, and Envies false surmisse,
Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchednes.

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon,
Till through celestiall doome throwne out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore :
There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great riches store ;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand against God, and on his altars daunst.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XLVIII

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd ;
And after him old Ninus farre did pas
In princely pompe, of all the world obayd ;
There also was that mightie Monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruines of the Romaines fall :
Great Romulus the Grandsyre of them all,
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball,
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius,
High Caesar, great Pompey, and fierce Antonius.

L

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke :
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade, her fowle reproches spoke ;
Faire Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will ;
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill :
And thousands moe the like, that did that donegeon fill :

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

L.I

Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falles
Through wicked pride, and wasted wealthes decay.
But most of all, which in the Dongeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres ;
Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly throwne themselves into these heavy stowies.

LII

Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournefull sight
Unto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privie Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde :
For doubtlesse death ensewd, if any him descriyde.

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall,
Of murdred men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse, or decent funerall :
Which all through that great Princesse pride did fall
And came to shamefull end. And them beside
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carkases he spide,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pride.

CANTO VI

*From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
fayre Una is releas'd :
Whom salvage nation does adore,
and learnes her wise behest.*

I

As when a ship, hat flyes faire under saile,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halse amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foole-happie oversight :
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad examples in his sight.

II

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speede
The faire Duess' had forst him leave behind ;
And yet more sad, that Una his deare dred
Her truth had staind with treason so unkind ;
Yet crime in her could never creature find,
But for his love, and for her owne selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde :
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

IV

With fawning words he courted her awhile,
And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile,
But wordes and lookes, and sighes she did abhore ;
As rocke of Diamond steadfast evermore,
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele that hong her face before ;
Then gan her beautie shyne, as brightest skye
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

V

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree ;
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And with rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah heavens ! that do this hideous act behold,
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold ?

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

VI

The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes ;
And Phoebus flying so most shameful sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implices,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight ?

VII

Eternall providence exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make herselfe a way :
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shriekes so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd ;
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd :

VIII

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent :
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

The wyld woodgods arrived in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late ;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate :
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappy state ;
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plignt.

X

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell ;
And every tender part for feare doth shake :
As when a greedie Wolfe, through hunger fell,
A seely Lambe farre from the flocke does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
Which quit from death yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

XI

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move she had :
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nce sad ;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horror all a side doe lay ;
And gently greming, show a semblance glad
To comfort her, and feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obey.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth ;
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th :
They in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soveraine,
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth,
And all prostrate upon the lowly plaine,
Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'rance faine.

XIII

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time ;
So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime :
They all as glad, as birdes of joyous Prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme,
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her, as Queene, with olive girlond cround.

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled Echo ring,
And with their horned feet do weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
Who with the noyse awaked commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing,
And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout ;
And with an yvie twyne his wasl is girt about.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad,
They drawing nigh, unto their God present
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent ;
His owne faire Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle when her to this he doth compaire.

XVI

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddessesse of the wood ;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood ;
Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to see,
But Venus never had so sober mood ;
Sometimes Diana he her takes to bee,
But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

XVII

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparissee,
And calleth to mind his pourtriture alive,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse ;
For grieve whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XVIII

The wooddy Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face :
But when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace :
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.

XIX

Glad of such lucke, the lucklesse lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes ;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine
From her own worship, they her Asse would worship sayn.

XX

It fortuned a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
From whence he tooke his well deserved name :
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far lands with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right :
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Faire Thyamis the daughter of Labryde,
That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne ;
Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Then serve his Ladies love, and wast in pleasures vayne.

XXII

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne
And could not lacke her lovers company,
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery :
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde.
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall links of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

XXIII

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desire,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage sire ;
Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
For ransome leaving him the late borne childe ;
Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire,
He noursled up in life and manners wilde.
Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XXIV

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare ;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare ;
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare ;
And eke wyld roaring Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare ;
And the Robuckles in flight to overtake,
That every beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

XXV

Thereby so fearlesse, and so fell he grew,
That his owne sire and maister of his guise
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
And oft for dread of hurt would him advise,
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke ; for he would learne
The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

XXVI

And for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beasts in yron yokes he would compell ;
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,
The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell ;
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
Such joy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beaste they feared, as a tyrans law.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woods, to see her little sonne ;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way.
After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne ;
When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne :
The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

XXVIII

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
Untill with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to hini these womanish words gan say ;
Ah Satyrane, my dearling, and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play ;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy,
Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

XXIX

In these and like delights of bloudy game
He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught ;
And there abode, whilst any beast of name
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force : and then his courage haught
Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroa' for straunge adventures sought ;
In which his might was never overthrowne ;
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XXX

Yet ev'rymore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his sire and offspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent ;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

XXXI

He wondred at her wisedome heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew ;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make prooife of her cruento
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew :
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnt her discipline of faith and veritie.

XXXII

But she all vowd unto the Redcrosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privie wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent ;
Who glad to gain such favour, gan devise
How with that pensive Maid he best might thence arise.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

So on a day when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin left behind alone
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too late it was, to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe :
(In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

XXXIV

The better part now of the lingring day,
They traveild had, whenas they farre espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
To weete of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her knight of the Redcrosse.
But he them spying, gan to turne aside,
For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse ;
More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

XXXV

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way ;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveild many a sommers day,
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde ;
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His wearie lumbes upon : and eke behind,
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XXXVI

The knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new ;
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red.
Aye me, Deare dame (quoth he) well may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red :
These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.

XXXVII

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That sudden cold did runne through every vaine,
And stony horrour all her sences fild
With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with courteous kind relieve :
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plainté
The further processe of her hidden griefe :
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

XXXVIII

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,
This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
To see two knights in travell on my way
(A sory sight) arraung'd in battell new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew :
My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That drunke with bloud, yet thirsted after life :
What more ? the Redcrosse knight was slaine with Paynim knife.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne?
Ah dearest dame (quoth he) how might I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?
Where is (said Satyrane) that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of joy hath reft?
Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
Washing his bloudy wounds, that through the steele were cleft.

XL

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una with huge heaviness opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest,
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Even he it was, that earst would have supprest
Faire Una: whom when Satyrane espide,
With fowle reprochfull words he boldly him deside.

XLI

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreant,
That hast with knighthesse guile and trecherous train
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, o' els thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And catching up in hast his three-square shield,
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CANTO VI

XLII

And drawing nigh him said, Ah misborne Elfe,
 In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
 Another's wrongs to wreake upon thy selfe :
 Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
 My name with guile and traiterous intent :
 That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew,
 But had he beene, where earst his arms were lnt,
 Th' enchaunter vaine his errorr should not rew :
 But thou his errorr shalt, I hope now proven trew.

XLIII

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
 To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
 Each other bent his enemy to quell,
 That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 That it would pitty any living eie.
 Large floods of bloud adowne their sides did raile ;
 But floods of bloud could not them satisfie :
 Both hungred after death : both chose to win, or die.

XLIV

So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,
 That fainting each, themselves to breathen let,
 And oft refreshed, battell oft renue :
 As when two Bores with rancling malice met,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
 Til breathlesse both them selves aside retire,
 Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whet,
 And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire ;
 Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retурne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely then before,
That with their drerie wounds and bloody gore
They both deformed, scarcely could be known.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise, which through the aire was thrown:
Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles bloud had sown.

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
And left the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But Satyrane with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie,
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:
Wherewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speaches said.

XLVII

O foolish faeries sonne, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst, to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate
To love another. Lo then for thine ayd
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.
So they two fight; the whiles the royll Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afryd.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow, all this to behold,
And much rejoiced in their bloody fray :
But when he saw the Damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII

*The Redcrosse knight is captive made
by Gyaunt proud opprest,
Prince Arthur meets with Una great-
ly with those newes distrest.*

I

WHAT man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her colours dyed deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame;
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,
The false Duessa, cloaked with Fidessaes name.

II

Who when returning from the dreary Night,
She fownd not in that perilous house of Pryde,
Where she had left, the noble Redcrosse knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no lenger bide,
But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine side,
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

III

He feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the cherefull birds of sundry kind
Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind :
The Witch approaching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnesse unkind
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

IV

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made ;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade :
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favo. r, as it then befell.

V

The cause was this : One day, when Phoebe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Sat downe to rest in middest of the race :
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
And all that drunke thereof did faint and feeble grow.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Drunke of the streme, as cleare as cristall glas :
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to faile,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile.
His chaunged powres at first them selves not felt,
Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
And cheareful bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.

VII

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame :
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the earth for terrour seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe therewith astownd,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enmy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous Geant, horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye,
The ground eke groned under him for dred ;
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst beholde : his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

IX

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
 And blustering Æolus his boasted syre,
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,
 And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
 That she conceiv'd, and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of women doe expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime
 Pufft up with emptie wind, and fild with sinfull crime.

X

So growen great through arrogant delight
 Of th' high descent, whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse : his stalking steps are stayde
 Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

XI

That when the knight he spide, he gan advance
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce ;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
 Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde,
 And eke so faint in every joynt and vaine,
 Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthowne a stony towre,
And were not heavenly grace, that did him blesse,
He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the wind it did him overthrow,
And all his sences stound, that still he lay full low.

XIII

As when that divelish yron Engin wrought
In deepest Hell, and fram'd by Furies skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And rand with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke,
That th' onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

XIV

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye;
O great Orgoglio, greatest under skye,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman take.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XV

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake :
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his new found make.
Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastic forse,
And in a Dungeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall majesty :
Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples harts with awfull terrour tye,
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

XVII

Such one it was, as that renownmed Snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whose many heads out budding ever new
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew :
But this same Monster much more ugly was ;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glas.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heavenly gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught ;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

XIX

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed,
His mightie armour, missing most at need ;
His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse ;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The rueful moniments of heaviness,
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

XX

He had not travaid long, when on the way
He wofull Ladie, wofull Una met,
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilst Satyrane him from pursuit did let :
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarfe had set,
And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake,
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XXI

The messenger of so unhappy newes,
Would faine have dyde : dead was his hart with
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes :
At last recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chause her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne :
So hardly he the flittet life does win,
Unto her native prison to retourne :
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne.

XXII

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threeds unsould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through every side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hide.

XXIII

O lightsome day, the lampe of highest Jove,
First made by him, mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darkenesse he in deepest dongeon drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut yp heavens windowes shyning wyde :
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But sealed up with death, shall have their deadly meed.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground ;
But he her quickly reared up againe :
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine,
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemie,
With foltring tong, and trembling every vaine,
Tell on (quoth she) the wosfull Tragedie,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eies.

XXV

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart ;
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart :
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound ;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found.

XXVI

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
The subtil traines of Archimago old ;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa faire,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold ;
The wretched payre transformed to treen mould ;
The house of Pride, and perils round about ;
The combat, which he with Sansjoy did hould ;
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyant stout,
Wherin captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XXVII

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway ;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay :
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never Lady loved dearer day,
Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse ;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead : and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd :
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale ;
Long lost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adowne the dale,
She wandered many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

XXIX

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arayed meet :
His glitterand armour shined farre away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray ;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may :
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware, [rare]
That shynd, like twinkling stars, with stons most pretious,

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In ivory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights:
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse, and great terrour bred;
For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spred
His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed
Close couched on the bever, seem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
That suddeine horror to faint harts did show,
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low.

XXXII

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bunch of haires discolourd diversly,
With sprincled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossomas brave bedecked daintily:
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath that under heaven is blowne.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XXXIII

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eyo be ever seene ;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soone consumed beene ;
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massie entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance woulde.

XXXIV

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armes of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray ;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay ;
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faint,
As when her face is staynd with magick arts constraint.

XXXV

No magick arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloudie wordes of bold Enchaunters call ;
But all that was not such as seemid in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall ;
And, when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all ;
And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He wold them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds,
For he that made the same, was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deeds.
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magick spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;
But when he dyde, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

XXXVII

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square:
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chaufst, that any on his baeke should sit;
The yron rowels into frothy sone he bit.

XXXVIII

When as this knight nigh to the Ladie drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humot^r fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray;
Wherewith com.nov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XXXIX

What worlds delight, or joy of living speach
Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creepe,
And in my heart his yron arrow steepe,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale:
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keepe,
Then rip up grieve, where it may not availe,
My last left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

XL

Ah Ladi deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
Well may I weene your grieve is wondrous great;
For wondrous great grieve groneth in my spright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But wofull Ladi, let me you intrete
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
And counsell mittigates the greatest smart:
Found never helpe who never would his hurts imput.

XLI

O bat (quoth she) great grieve will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought then said.
Right so, (quoth he) but he that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.
But grieve (quoth she) does greater grow dislaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breedes despaire.
Despaire breedes not (quoth he) where faith is staid.
No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

His goodly reason, and well guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the broach,
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought,
And said ; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield relieve :
Then heare the storic sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

XLIII

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes have seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' only daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare, whilst equal destinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spread their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually.

XLIV

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight :
Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight,
Where fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now fourre yeres besieg'd to make them thrall.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XLV

Full many knights adventurous and stout
Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew ;
From every coast that heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble Martiall crew,
That famous hard achievements still pursew ;
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew :
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fierce crueltie have bin.

XLVI

At last yledd with farre reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane great Queene of glory bright,
Whose Kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red,
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight,
Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guiltie blood
Had never bene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right :
Yet of his prowesse prooife he since hath made
(I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight ;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

And ye the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His byting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule: now he hath left you heare
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deate:
O heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have you left your Lord, that could so well you tosse?

XLIX

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme,
Till all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme;
That rather death desire, then such despight.
Be judge ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and thinke I thought aright.

L

Thencesforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywais he himselfe betooke,
Where never foot of living wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her vitchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeetee.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

L.I

At last by subtil sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismayd,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold ;
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedilesse, for aie he doth him hold ;
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told.

LII

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint :
But he her comforted and faire bespake,
Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
The stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take :
For till I have acquit your captive knight,
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright,
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

CANTO VIII

*Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
brings Arthur to the fight:
Who slayes that Gyant, wounds the beast,
and strips Duessa quight.*

I

AY me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he through his owne foolish pride,
Or weaknesse is to sinfull bands made thrall :
Else should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde
For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guide.

II

They sadly traveild thus, until they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie :
Then cryde the Dwarfe, Lo yonder is the same,
In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse lie,
Thrall to that Gyants hatefull tyrannie :
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steede, and bad the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

III

So with the Squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall ;
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
To ward the same, nor answeres commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tassels gay. Wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine ;
Three miles it might be easie heard around,
And Echoes three answerd it selfe againe :
No false enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was voide and wholly vaine :
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

V

The same before the Geants gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the ground,
And every dore of freewill open flew.
The Gyant selfe dismayed with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliance fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet, what suddein stowre,
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

And after him the proud Duessa came
High mounted on her manyheaded beast ;
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did faire avoide the violence him nere' ;
It booted nougnt to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might :
The idle stroke, enforsing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
Did fall to ground, and with his heavie sway
So deepeley dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes leape a furrow up did throw :
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake show.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

IX

As when almighty Jove in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring driment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament ;
The fierce threeforked engin making way
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

X

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the knight him at avantage found,
And whiles he strove his comred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arme, which like a blocke
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might ;
Large streames of bloud out of the truncked stocke
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impotent of unwonted paine,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fields rebellowed againe ;
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Do for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd, that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with blood of late
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate,
And threatned all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce dislaine, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe :
But nathemore would that courageous swayne
To her yeeld passage, against his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his bodie bard the way atwixt them twaine.

XIV

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes ;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poysen through their inner parts,
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts ;
Which after harmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts ;
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd,
And all his senses were with suddeine dread dismayd.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XV

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crуст out of his panting brest :
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise :
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved Squire into such thralldome brought.

XVI

And high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made ;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape mis-shaped more :
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around ;
That over shoes in bloud he waded on the ground.

XVII

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred,
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long traine,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed
His gorgeous ryder from her lostie sted
Would have cast downe, and trod in durtie myre,
Had not the Gyant soone her succoured ;
Who all enrag'd with smart and frantieke yre,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forst the knight retyre.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

The force which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong than both were erst ;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow :
The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low :
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow ?

XIX

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew :
The light whereof, that heavens iight did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to have slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

XX

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshy shield,
Became starke blind, and all his sences daz'd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom whc his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the Gyant loudly she gan call,
O helpe Orgoglio, helpe, or else we perish all.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XXI

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd :
But all in vaine : for he has read his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine : for since that glauncing sight,
He had no powre to hurt, nor to defend ;
As where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the darel eyen, and daunts the sense: quight.

XXII

Whom when the Prince, to battell new addrest,
And threatening high his dreadfull stroke did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tumbled ; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be
The mighty trunk halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift

XXIII

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
Her hastic ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might :
Such was this Gyants fall, that seemd to shake
The selfe globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloudy gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

XXV

Whose grievous fall, when false Duessa spide,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aside ;
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound,
But leaving all behind her, fled away ;
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord, as his deserved pray.

XXVI

The royll Virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight, and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse, and myld modestie,
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake .
Faire braunch of bablesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paines ye suffer for my sake ?

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XXVII

And you fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
What bath poore Virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward ? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore ;
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eyes, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite, requite with usree.

XXVIII

But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling
Have made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And well begun end all so well, I pray.
Ne let that wicked woman scape away ;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

XXIX

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
That scarlot whore to keepen carefully ;
Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire
Into the Castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye ;
Then gan he lowly through the house to call :
But no man car'd to answer to his crye.
There raignd a solemne silence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a stasse his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his wearie gate both too and fro :
For his eye sight him failed long ygo,
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow :
Those were the keyes of every inner dore,
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace,
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrinled face,
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyant dead ;
His name Igumo did his nature right aread.

XXXII

His reverend haires and holy gravitie
The knight much honord, as beseemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
Had made his caytive thrall, againe he sayde,
He could not tell : ne ever other answere made.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XXXIII

Then asked he, which way he in might pas :
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the curteous knight displeased was,
And said, Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee :
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise, what I demaund of thee.

XXXIV

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach ;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

XXXV

There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras and resplendent gold.
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest Princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Desiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altare, carv'd with cunning imagery,
On which true Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny :
Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
That hardest heart wold bleede, to hear their piteous mone.

XXXVII

Through every rowme he sought, and every bowr,
But no where could he find that woful thrall :
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch, to open it withall ;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet, if living wight
Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitteous plaints and dolours did resound ;
O who is that, which brings me happy choyce
Of death, that her lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound ?
For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens clearfull face did vew,
O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XXXIX

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horrour ran through every joynt
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore :
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore,
With furious force, and indignation fell ;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

XL

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,
After long paines and labours manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare ;
Whose feeble thighes, unnable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare.
A mfull spectacle of death and ghastly dreare.

XLI

His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view ;
His bare thin cheeke for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew ;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XI.II

Whom when his Lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy : to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said, Ah dearest Lord, what evill starre
On you hath fround, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?

XLIII

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day ;
And fie on Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe now alay.
And for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good : good growes of evils priece.
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his grieve ;
His long endured famine needed more relieve.

XLIV

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
The things, that grievous were to do, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight ;
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare :
But th' onely good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XLV

Henceforth sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might ;
Loe where your foe lyes stretcht in monstrous length,
And loe that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or dye.
To do her dye (quoth Unc.) were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy ;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

XLVI

So as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid ;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then when they had despoiled her tire and call,
Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

XLVII

Her craftie head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honourable eld,
Was over growne with seurfe and filthy scald ;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld ;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld ;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was that would have loathd all womankind.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write,
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight ;
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight,
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armed to greedy fight,
The other like a Beares uneven paw :
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

XLIX

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
Such then (said Una) as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of falsehood, such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes unknowne.

L

She flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eyes her open shame to hide,
And lurit in rocks and caves long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire,
Where store they found of all that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX

*His loves and lignage Arthur tells
the knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despayre,
whom Redcrosse knight withstands.*

I

O GOODLY golden chaine, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize:
And noble mindes of yore allied were,
In brave pursuit of chevalrous emprise,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands,
But friendly each did others prayse devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands, [bands.
As this good Prince redeemeid the Redcrosse knight from

II

Who when their powres empaird through labour long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now waxed strong,
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell,
But ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thanklesse thought.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Faire virgin (said the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compas of my wit :
For both the lignage and the certain Sire,
From which I spong, from me are hidden yit.
For all so soone as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewed heavens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfit :
And streight deliver'd to a Faery knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

IV

Unto old Timon he me brought bylive,
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th'expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene ;
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes roll with gentle rore :
There all my dayes he traind me up in vertuous lore.

V

Thither the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visit me :
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privitye,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring :
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her just terme the truth to light should bring.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

VI

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,
And pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.
But what adventure, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread Prince Arthur, crowne of Martiall band?
Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

VII

For whether he through fatall deepe foresight
Me fither sent, for cause to me unghest,
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me fither brought by wayes yet never found ;
You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest.
Ah courteous knight (quoth she) what secret wound
Could ever find, to grieve the gentlest hart on ground ?

VIII

Deare dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life do lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But told it flames, and hidden it does glow ;
I will revele what ye so much desire :
Ah Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the coale of kindly heat appeares
To kindle love in every living brest ;
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

X

That idle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent :
Their God himselfe, griev'd at my libertie,
Shot many a dart at me with fiers intent,
But I them warded all with wary government.

XI

But all in vaine : no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found :
Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground :
And who most trusts in arme of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disaduenturous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XII

Ensample make of him your haplesse joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see ;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertie.
For on a day, prickt forth with jollitie
Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens with one consent
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII

For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd ;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire displayd :
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay :
So faire a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV

Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and bad me love her deare ;
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As when just time expired should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like words did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night ;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faerie bight.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras, where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine ;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mind
To seeke her out with labour, and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I find,
Nine monethes I seeke in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbind.

XVI

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray ;
Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say ;
O happy Queene of Faeries, that hast found
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound :
True Loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.

XVII

Thine, O then, said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace :
For onely worthy you through prowes prieſe,
Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her liefe.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XVIII

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew:
Als Una earn'd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to lynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratesfull mynd,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together joyn'd.

XIX

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond sure,
Embowld with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent:
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveours testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to sive.

XX

Thus beene they parted, Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she now weighing the decayed plight,
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

[CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

So as they traveld, lo they gan espyn
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
 Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.
 Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
 As if his feare still followed him behind ;
 Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As he had beene a sole of Pegasus his kind.

XXII

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
 To be unarmed, and curld uncombed heares
 Upstaring stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread ;
 Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares
 Nor life in limbe : and to increase his feare,
 In fowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
 That with his glistring armes does ill agree ;
 But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

XXIII

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet, what mister wight was so dismayd :
 There him he finds all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of him selfe he seemd to be afryad ;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might ;
 Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight :
 For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXIV

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wide
With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspide
Infernall furies, with their chaines untide.
Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
The gentle knight ; who nought to him replide,
But trembling every joint did inly quake,
And soltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake.

XXV

For Gods deare love, Sir knight, do me not stay ;
For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.
Eft looking back would faine have runne away ;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secret cause of his perplexitie :
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his bloud-frosen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach,
Yet forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach.

XXVI

And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
From him, that would have forced me to dye ?
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history ?
Feare nought : (quoth he) no daunger now is nye.
Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,
(Said he) the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace
Me ref from it, had bene partaker of the place.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst)
With a faire knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee :
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree :
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament.

XXVIII

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen (God from him me blesse)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of hell, that cals himselfe Despaire :
Who first us greets, and after faire areedes
Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare :
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

XXIX

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embst with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of foule reprise,
He pluckt from us all hope of due reliefe,
That earst us held in love of lingring life ;
Then hopelesse hartlesse, gan the cunning thieve
Perswade us die, to stint all further strife :
To me he lent this rope, to him a rustic knife.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXX

With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath.
But I more fearfull, or more luckie wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismal sight,
Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare :
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmite like chaunce may beare :
But God you never let his charmed speeches heare.

XXXI

How many a man (said he) with idle speach
Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health ?
I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth :
His subtil tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'h
Into the hart, and searcheth every vaine ;
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is rest; and weaknesse doth remaine.
O never Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

XXXII

Certes (said he) hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tride ;
And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guide.
I that hight Trevisan (quoth he) will ride,
Against my liking backe, to do you grace :
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that same place
For never had I die, then set his deadly face.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Farre underneath a craggie clift yplight,
Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave :
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drove
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;
And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.

XXXIV

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the clifts. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faime have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
But th' other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.

XXXV

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind ;
His griesie lockes, long growen, and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound ;
His raw-bone cheeke, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dine.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXXVI

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts ;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A drearie corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowed in his owne yet luke-warmie blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas ;
In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wosfull tale that Trevisan had told,
When as the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his bloud were cold,
And to the villein said, Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine owne bloud to price his bloud, here shed in sight.

XXXVIII

What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should die, who merites not to live?
None else to death this man despayring drive,
But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here beneath?

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Who travels by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

XL

He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little paine the passage have,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And said, The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand, untill his Captaine bid.
Who life did limit by almighty doome
(Quoth he) knowes best the termes established;
And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX]

XLII

Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne
In heaven and earth? did not he all create
To die againe? all ends that was begonne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certaine date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

XLIII

The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment :
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent :
For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy evill life foresent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

XLIV

Then do no further goe, no further stray,
But here lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake ;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands mo do make a loathsome life.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

Thou wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state :
For never knight, that dared warlike deede,
More lucklesse disaventures did amate :
Witnessse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call ;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

XLVI

Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree ?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitie,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee ?
Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjurie,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vilde,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde ?

XLVII

Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and beares an equall eye ?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie ?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die :
Die shall all flesh ? what then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger, till the glasse be all out ronne ?
Death is the end of woes : die soone, O faeries sonne.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XLVIII

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a swords point through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX

In which amazement, when the Miscreant
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile,
To drive him to despair, and quite to quaile,
He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw ;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire :
For death was due to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

L.I

But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him caught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene
To come, and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had beene.
At last resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

L.II

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snacht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, Fie, sic, faint harted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battell, which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

L.III

Come, come away, fraile, seely, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, Sir knight arise, and leave this cursed place.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

LIV

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight,
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtil sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himselfe, unbid unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Vet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

CANTO X

*Her faithfull knight faire Una bring
to house of Holinesse,
Where he is taught repentance, and
the way to heavenly blesse.*

I

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

II

By that, which lately hapned, Una saw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinews woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unsit for bloody fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he cheareynight,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

III

There was an auntient house not farre away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life : so well they say
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hore
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore :
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

IV

Dame Celia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise :
The eldest two, most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza virgins were,
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize ;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

V

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt ;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes : but when they knokt,
The Porter opened unto them streight way :
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humiltà. They passe in stouping low ;
For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,
But entred in a spacious court they see,
Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meeete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
His name was Zele, that him right well became,
For in his speeches and behaviour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

VII

There fairely them receives a gentle Squire,
Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire ;
In word and deede that shew'd great modestie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence. He them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat : no courting nicetie,
But simple true, and eke unsained sweet,
As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

VIII

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place :
Who all this while was busy at her beades :
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
Her hart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker ehd.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

IX

And her embracing said, O happie earth,
Wheron thy innocent feet doe ever tread,
Most vertuous virgin borne of heavenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head,
From tyrans rage, and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day ;
Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way ?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray ?

X

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right :
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evill plignt,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way ;
O foolish men, why haste ye to your owne decay ?

XI

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbis to rest,
O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came ;
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Led with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
That up to heaven is blowne. The auncient Dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entartaynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devise,
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace :
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face,
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heavens light.

XIII

She was arrayed all in lilly white,
And ir her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold ;
But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood :
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and scald with blood :
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be understood.

XIV

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her besemeled well ;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell :
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as besell :
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XV

They seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesie ;
Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
And greatly joy each other well to see :
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee ;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI

Then Una thus : But she your sister deare,
The deare Charissa where is she become ?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere ?
Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come :
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome.
Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble sore ;
But thankt be God, and her encrease so evermore.

XVII

Then said the aged Celia, Deare dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be : therefore a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called she a Groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despouile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed ;
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully ared.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with due repast,
Faire Una gan Fidelia faire request,
To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her words divine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

XIX

And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywrit,
That none could read, except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whit,
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach,
Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach :
For she was able with her words to kill,
And raise againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

XX

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hastie Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heavens hight ;
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay ;
[Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway ;]
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund, themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Ahnichtie God her gave such powre, and puissaunce great.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXI

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked waye,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes :
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet ;
Else had his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agonie,
When him his dearest Una did behold,
Disleining life, desiring leave to die,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie.

XXIII

And came to Celia to declare her smart,
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right ;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same ; his name was Patience.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his griefe :
Which kflowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prieſe,
And thereto added words of wondrous might :
By which to ease he him recured briefe,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
I. ward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rankle yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darkesome lowly place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

XXVI

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corſe, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late :
And ever as superfluous flesh did rot
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fire whot,
That soone in him was left no one corrupted jot.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXVII

And bitter Penance with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day :
And sharpe Remorse his hart did pricke and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play ;
And sad Repentance used to embay
His bodie in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but earst lay at deathes dore.

XXVIII

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his own synewes eat.
His owne deare Una hearing evermore
His ruefull shrieks and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse girments, and her golden heare,
For pitty of his paine and anguish sore ;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare ;
For well she wist his crime could else be never cleare

XXIX

Whom thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce they to Una brought :
Who joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fairely eke besought
Himselfe to cherish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest ;
To her faire Una brought this unacquainted guest.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare ;
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated, chast in worke and will ;
Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill ;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

XXXI

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports, that joyd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still as they waxed old :
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire.
Whose passing price unearth was to be told :
And by her side there sate a gentle paire
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvorie chaire.

XXXII

The knight and Una entring faire her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happie brood ;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood,
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXXIII

She was right joyous of her just request,
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in every good behest,
Of love, and righteousnesse, and well to donne,
And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred, and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne :
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guidē,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well describe :
Her name was Mercie, well knowne over all,
To be both gratiouſ, and eke liberall :
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To lead aright, that he should never fall
In all his wayes through this wide worldes wave,
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

XXXV

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattered with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay :
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did upbear,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,
That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
In which seven Bead-men that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens king,
Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing :
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the weatie way were traveiling,
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers by, that needy were and pore.

XXXVII

The first of them that eldest was, and best,
Of all the house had charge and governement,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest :
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging, unto all that came, and went :
Not unto such, as could him feast agtine,
And double quite, for that he on them spent,
But such, as want of harbour did constraine :
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII

2. The second was as Almner of the place,
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thirsty give to drinke, a worke of grace :
He feard not once him selfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breed :
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede ;
He had enough, what need him care for more ?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXXIX

The third had of their wardrobe custodie,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
But clothes meet to keepe keene could away,
And naked nature seemely to aray ;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay ;
And if that no spare cloths to give he had,
His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poore prisoners to relieve with gratiouse ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras,
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd,
And though they faultie were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd,
And he that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,
The faultie soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

XLI

The fist had charge sicke persons to attend,
And comfort those, in point of death which lay ;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man have mind of that last bitter throw
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever lew.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made all beasts to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not desould.

XLIII

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And widowes ayd, least they should be undone:
In face of judgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
And, when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas:
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare,
And always led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XLV

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
That to the rest more able he might bee :
During which time, in every good behest
And godly worke of Almes and charitee,
She him instructed with great industree ;
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life, he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas,
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy ;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lye,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply ;
His name was heavenly Contemplation ;
Of God and goodnessse was his meditation.

XLVII

Great grace that old man to him given had ;
For God he often saw from heavens hight,
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,
As Eagles eye, that can behold the Sunne :
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes nigh weary and fordonne
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

There they do finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew scene through his long fast :
For nought he car'd his carcass long unfed ;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast.

XLIX

Who when these two approaching he aspide,
At their first presence grew aggrieved sore,
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore ;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious heigh

L

What end (quoth she) should cause us take such pise,
But that same end which every living wight
Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine ?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia ? She doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

L.I

Thrise happy man, said then the father grave,
Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to save.
Who better can the way to heaven aread,
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
In heavenly thron, where thousand Angels shine?
Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead
Present before the majestic divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemencie incline.

L.II

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But after labors long, and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

L.III

That donne, he leads him to the highest Mount ;
Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty dayes upon ; where writ in stoe
With bloudy letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

L.IV

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renouwnd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

L.V

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citie led his vew ;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell ;
Too high a ditty for my simple song ;
The Citie of the great king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happiness doth dwell.

L.VI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that Citie wend,
As commonly as friend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofie towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknownen nation there empeopled were.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

LVII

Faire knight (quoth he) Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinfull guilt
With piteous blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,
More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam.

LVIII

Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
In which that fairest Faerie Queene doth dwell,
The fairest Citie was that might be seene;
And that bright towre all built of christall cleene,
Pantheo, seemd the brightest thing that was:
But now by proose all otherwise I weene;
For this great Citie that does far surpas,
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of glas.

LIX

Most truw, then said the holy aged man;
Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eye beholden can;
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covet in th' immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LX

And thou faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate fordonne.
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloudy field :
For blood can nought but sin, and warr but sorrowes yield.

LXI

Then seek this path, that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send ;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end :
For thou emongst those Saints, whom thou doest see,
Shall be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
And Patron : thou Saint George shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery England, the signe of victoree.

LXII

Unworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine ?
These that have it attaind, were in like case,
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liv'd in like paine.
But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And Ladies love to leave so dearely bought ?
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
(Said he,) and battailes none are to be fought ?
As for loose loves, they're vaine, and vanish into nought.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X .

LXIII

O let me not (quoth he) then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are ;
But let me here for aye in peace remaine,
Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.
That may not be, (said he) ne maist thou yit
Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quit.

LXIV

Then shall I soone (quoth he) so God me grace,
Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly backe returne unto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate ?
That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

LXV

For well I wote thou spring t from ancient race
Of Saxon kings, that have with mightie hand
And many bloody battailes fought in place
High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand :
From thence a Faerie thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.
Such men do Chaungeling call, so chang'd by Faeries theft.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LXVI

Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond.
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof Georgos he gave thee to name ;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryd,
To Faerie court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,
And prove thy puissaunt armes, as seemes thee best became.

LXVII

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have found,
That hast my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bound ?
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
| So darke are earthly things compard to things divine.

LXVIII

At last whenas himselfe he gan to find,
To Una back he cast him to retire ;
Who him awaited still with pensive mind.
Great thankes and goodly meed to that good syre
He thence departing gave for his paines hyre.
So came to Una, who him joyd to see,
And after little rest, gan him desire
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Celia, and her daughters three.

CANTO XI

*The knight with that old Dragon fights
two dayes incessantly :
The third him overthrows, and gayns
most glorious victory.*

I

HIGH time now gan it wex for Una faire
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kihgdome to repaire :
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake ;
Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

II

Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perils dwell ;
Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle ;
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell :
That shall ye evermore renowned make,
Above all knights on earth that batteill undertake.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

And pointing forth, Lo yonder is (said she)
The brasen towre in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be,
Whom I from far, see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare :
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,
That O my parents might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terror filled wide,
And seemd unneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espide,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side,
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
But all so soone as he from far descride
Those glistening armes, that heaven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blith, and hastned them untill.

V

Then bad the knight his Lady yede aloofe,
And to an hill her selfe withdraw aside :
From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde :
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now O thou sacred muse, most learned Dame,
Faire ympe of Phcebus and his aged bride,
The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name :

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

VI

O gently come into my feeble brest,
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may aswage,
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
 And scared nations doest with horrour sterne astownd.

VII

Faire Goddessse, lay that furious fit aside,
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars do sing,
 And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde,
 Twixt that great Faery Queene, and Paynim king,
 That with their horrour heaven and earth did ring ;
 A worke of labour long and endlesse prayse :
 But now a while let downe that haughtie string
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII

By this the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
 Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haste,
 That with his largenesse measured much land,
 And made wide shadow under his huge wast,
 As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore
 His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste,
 Which to increase his wondrous greatnessse more,
 Was swoln with wrath, and poysen, and with bloody gore.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

And over, all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare,
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse be harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare ;
Which, as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight ;
So shaked he, that horrour was to heare,
For as the clashing of an Armour bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

X

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way :
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yards, with flying canvas lynd ;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

XI

His huge long tayle wound up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly backe,
Whose wreathed boughs when ever he unfoldes,
And thicke entangled knots adown does slacke,
Bespotted as with shields of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke ;
And at the point two stings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly sharpe, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XII

But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruell rending clawes ;
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my young to tell
Does tremble : for his deepe devouring jawes
Wide gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abisse all ravin fell.

XIII

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yet trickling blood, and goblets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare :
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphure seare,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre :
As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give, that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade ;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre :
But farre within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelisting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughtie crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare,
And shake his scales to battell ready drest ;
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

XVI

The knight gan fairely couch his steadie speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might :
The pointed steele arriving rudely theare,
His harder hide would neither perce, nor bight,
But glauncing by forth passed forward right ;
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest :
But th'idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight ;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force, from hand of living wight ;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XVIII

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he listed from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight : he cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round :
At last low stouping with unweldie sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

XIX

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end :
As bagard hauke, presuming to contend
With hardie fowle, above his hable micht,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight ;
Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

XX

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare again assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroke he layd ;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd :
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge :
Then gin the blistring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his steadfast henge,
And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

XXII

The steely head stukke fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snacht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke goarie blood,
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood ;
The stremme thereof would drive a water-mill :
Treblely augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

XXIII

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knot that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash imples,
That to the ground he is perforce constrainyd
To throw his rider : who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXIV

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand :
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make ;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke begyld,
And smote againe with more outrageous might ;
But backe againe the sparckling steele recyld,
And left not any marke, where it did light,
As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his wings to stye above the ground ;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI

Then full of grieve and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made affeard :
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysond garment did enchaunt,
With Centaures blond and bloudie verses charm'd :
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that earst him arm'd,
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

XXVIII

Faint, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischieves did torment ;
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will never come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX

It fortuned, (as faire it then befell,)
Behind his backe unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXX

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away,
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrownen, fell.

XXXI

Now gan the golden Phoebus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes wated in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest,
When that infernall Monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advance his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

XXXII

Which when his pensive Ladie saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away;
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her daintie limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII.

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race ;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy -
Her loved knight to move his manly pace :
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay :
As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe, still as he flies :
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He, now to prove his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalpe so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made ;
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismayd.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXXVI

I wote not, whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew,
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptiz'd hands now greater grew ;
Or other secret vertue did ensew ;
Else never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten metall in his blood embrew :
For till that stownd could never wight him harme,
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

XXXVII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelded for exceeding paine ;
As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine :
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faine ;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

XXXVIII

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
Ne living wight would have him life behot :
The mortall sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got :
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeasd.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous smart, which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting :
Which when in vaine he tryde with strugeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hest,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sunder cleft,
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left.

XL

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cryes,
With soule ensouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skyes,
That all was covered with darkenesse dire :
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He cast at once him to avenge for all,
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall,
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

XLI

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yet, how his talants to unfold ;
For harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away :
Thrise he assayd it from his foot to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay,
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XLII

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trustie sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid :
As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid ;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII

The other foot, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength, nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, ne yet theswarlike pledge to yield,
He smot thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine ;
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine ;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall founrane forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brinstone blewe :
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwraught in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heaven with horror choke.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide,)
As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terriside.

XLVI

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,
As they in pure vermillion had beene dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were red :
For happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke everlasting did befall :
Great God it planted in that blessed sted
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crine of our first fathers fall.

XLVII

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprung out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill : O mornefull memory :
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI]

XLVIII

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streme of Balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine :
Life and long health that gratiouse ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale and reare againe
The senselesse corse appointed for the grave.
Into that same he fell : which did from death him save.

XLIX

For nigh thereto the ever damned beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preserved did detest :
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drooping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his roome to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth, and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who wearie of long fight,
And faint through losse of blood, mov'd not at all,
But lfy, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay,
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

L.I

The joyous day gan early to appeare,
And faire Aurora from the dewy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red ;
Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred ;
From heaven high to chase the chearelesse darke,
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

L.II

Then freshly up arose the doughtie knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battell ready dight ;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devoutd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare ;
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

L.III

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pride ;
Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
And back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift ;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift :
So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay ;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

LV

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd ;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread, which she misdeem'd ;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end :
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchieved so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII

*Faire Una to the Redcrosse knight,
betroouthed is with joy:
Though false Duessa it to barre
her false sleights doe employ.*

I

BEHOLD I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend ;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend ;
There this faire virgin wearie of her way
Must landed be, now at her journeyes end :
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

II

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East
Yet harnessed his firie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming crest ;
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme
That signe of last outbreaked life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

III

Uprose with hastie joy, and feeble speed
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if true indeede
Those tydings were, as he did understand,
Which whenas true by tryall he out found,
He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
Which long time had bene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state ;
For dead now was their foe which them forrayed late.

IV

Then gan triumphant Trompets sound on hie,
That sent to heaven the echoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victorie
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

V

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseene ;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober Peres, all gravely gownd ;
Whom farre before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand ;
Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

Unto that droughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclaime,
And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.
Soone after them all dauncing on a row
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene do grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light :
And in their hands sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

VII

And them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maydens sounding tymbrels sung,
In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musicke all the way,
Untill they came, where that faire virgin stood ;
As faire Diana in fresh sommers day,
Beholds her Nymphes enraung'd in shadie wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood :

VIII

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew ; who when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame :
Then on her head they set a girland greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game ;
Who in her self-resemblance well beseeene,
Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

IX

And after, all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man :
Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Strechd on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with idle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

X

Some feard, and fled ; some feard and well it saynd ;
One that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not toouch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some llingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed ;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparcpling fire, and bad thereof take heed ;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI

One mother, when as her foolehardie chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
And to her gossips gan in counsell say ;
How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand ?
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray ;
Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spread of land,

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasance did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine
With princely gifts of yvorie and gold,
And thousand thankes him yeelds for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII

And after to his Pallace he them brings,
With shaumes, and trumpets, and with Clarions sweet ;
And all the way the joyous people sings,
And with their garments strowes the paved street :
Whence mounting up, they find purveyance meet
Of all that royall Princes court became,
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,
On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose frame.

XIV

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine ?
What needs of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne ?
My narrow leaves cannot in them containe
The large discourse of royall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine :
For th' antique world excesse and pride did hate ;
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XV

Then when with meates and drinke of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad,
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renownmed guest :
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'rance sad,
From point to point, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI

Great pleasures mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And ofte blame the too importune fate,
That heapt on him so many wrathfull wreakes :
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes ;
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

XVII

Then sayd the royll Pere in sober wise ;
Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note whether prayse, or pitty more :
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest ;
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet devize,
For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
I bounden am streight after this emprise,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
And her to serve six yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that workes her teene
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.

XIX

Unhappie falles that hard necessitie,
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happie peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie ;
Ne I against the same can justly preace :
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo ; (for vowes may not be vaine,)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain.

XX

Which for my part I covet to performe,
In sort as through the world I did proclaime,
That whoso kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battaile overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee :
Therefore since now to thee perteines the same,
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXI

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The fairest Un' his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heyre ;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long wished light :
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her selfe in sight.

XXII

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride ;
And on her now a garment she did weare,
All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare,
But neither silke nor silver therein did appear.

XXIII

The blazing brightnessse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streme ;
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
Her heavenly lineaments for to enhace.
Ne wonder ; for her owne deare loved knight,
All were she dayly with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestiall sight :
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

So fairly dight, when she in presence came,
She to her Sire made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellency:
Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say. But eare he thus had said,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A Messenger with letters, which his message said.

XXV

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeinnesse of that unwarie sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hastie mood.
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his hands that writh he did betake,
Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake.

XXVI

To thee, most mighty king of Eden faire,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest,
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXVI

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore :
Witnessse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guiltie heavens of his bold perjury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgement just do fly,
And them conjure t'avenge this shamefull injury.

XXVIII

Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soveraine Prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread ;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weaknesse of my widowhed, or woe ;
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall find friends, if need requireth soe.
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

Fides

XXIX

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest ;
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake
Thy life and honour late adventurest,
Let nought be bid from me, that ought to be exprest.

CANTO XII] ·THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mind ?
What heavens? what altars? what enraged heates
Here heaped up with termes of love unkind,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.
But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faultie find,
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
With crime do not it cover, but disclose the same.

XXXI

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent ;
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me upbrayd
With breach of love, and loyalty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
That day should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

XXXII

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this false woman, that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was to invegle weaker sight :
Who by her wicked arts, and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXXIII

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd ;
O pardon me, my soveraigne Lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse.
She onely she it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse.

XXXIV

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine ;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The faldest man alive ; who tries shall find no lesse.

XXXV

The king was greatly moved at her speach,
And, all with suddein indignation fraught,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that fautor false, and bound him strait :
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,
With idle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblance made to scape out of their hand.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains
And with continual watch did warely keepe :
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly paines ?
Thus when that princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde,
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

XXXVII

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can devide ;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide ;
At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day ;
They all perfumde with frankencense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray :
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy ;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
Singing before th' eternall Majesty,
In their trinall tripiicities on hye ;
Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
Himselfe thereby rest of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaimd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told :
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

XLI

Her joyous presence, and sweet company
In full content he there did long enjoy ;
Ne wicked envie, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were able to annoy :
Yet swimming in that sea of blissfull joy,
He nought forgot how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faerie Queene backe to returne ;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLI.

Now strike your sailes ye jolly Mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this wearie vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent :
Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

A LETTER OF THE AUTH~~O~~R^S

*Expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke
which, for that it giveth great light to the Reader, for
the better understanding is hereunto annexed.*

To the Right Noble and Valorous,

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

**LO: WARDEIN OF THE STANNERVES, AND HER MAIESTIES LIEU-
TENAUNT OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.**

SIR,

KNOWING how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled *The Faery Queene*, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I have thought good as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of

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men delight to read, rather for varietie of matter then for profite of the ensample: I chose the historye of king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets historicall; first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis: then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas: after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso dis-severed them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in philosophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo: the other named *Politice*, in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellente Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve booke: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after hee came to be king. To some I know this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to communesence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Communewelth, such as it should be; but the other, in the person of Cyrus and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as it might best be: So much more profitable and

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gracious is doctrine by ensample then by rule. So have I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whom I conceive after his long education by Timon to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne to have seene in a dreame or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking, resolved to seeke her out: and so, being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane *Glory* in my generall intention: but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belpheobe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia, (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth Magnificence in particular, which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii other vertues I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contayn three. The first of the Knight of the Redcrosse, in whom I expresse Holines: the seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I set foorth Temperaunce: the third of Britomartis, a Lady knight, in whom I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such as of an His-

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toriographer. For an Historiographer discourses of affaires orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions ; but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the things fore-paste, and divining of things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my hſtory, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfthe booke, which is the last ; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii days ; uppon which twelve severall dayes, the occasions of the twelve severall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by xii severall knights, are in these twelve books severally handled and discoursed.

The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownish younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse : which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feast should happen ; that being graunted, he rested him selfe on the floore, unsitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffered them not to yssew : and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure ; whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaine-saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which

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she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise : which being forth-with put upon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftsoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure : where beginneth the first booke, vz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The second day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slaine by an Enchauntresse called Acrasia : and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure, whch being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went foorth with that same Palmer : which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But beeing unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his love.

But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled ; but rather as Accidents then intendments. As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the miserie of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphoebe, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I have briefly over-ronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS

handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused. So humbly craving the continuance of your honourable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23 Ianuarie, 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER.

GLOSSARY

Adj. = adjective.

Pret. = Preterite.

Adv. = adverb.

sb. = substantive.

Pt. = Past participle.

vb. = verb.

Int. = Introductory stanzas.

Nares = Nares' Glossary.

N.E.D. = New English Dictionary (Murray).

Abessa (= abjectness), daughter of Corceca, iii. 18.

About, out of, i. 11.

Abouts, about, ix. 36

Acheron, a river of Hades, v. 33.

Acquit, set free, vii. 52; (to) **ac-quite**, viii. 1.

Adirost, equipped, accomplished, ii. 11; directed, x. 11.

Advizement, advice, counsel, iv. 12; x. 11.

Aeolus, god of the winds, vii. 9.

Esculapius, the god of healing, v. 36, 41.

Etna, the volcano of Sicily, xi. 44.

Afflicted, humble. Int., 4.

Affray (sb.), alarm, terror, iii. 12; (vb.), startle, v. 30.

Afore, in front of, x. 49.

Agraste, showed grace to; favoured, x. 18.

Albe, although, v. 45; **All**, x. 47; xii. 23.

Alcides, Hercules, one of whose labours was to slay the Lernæan Hydra, vii. 17.

Aldeboran, "a double star of the first magnitude in the constellation of Taurus, called the Bull's Eye," iii. 16.

Als, also, ix. 18.

Amate, daunt, dismay, dishearten, i. 51; ix. 45.

Amis, a word with various meanings. Probably here used loosely of a covering for the head, from the square of white linen (amice) worn on the head by celebrant priests, iv. 18. See N.E.D.

Ammon's son, Alexander the Great, so named by the priests

GLOSSARY

- of the temple of Jupiter Ammon at the time of his expedition into Egypt, v. 48.
- Arenves**, moves, iv. 45; ix. 18.
- Amoov'd** (pp.), viii. 21.
- Andvile**, anvil, xi. 42.
- Antiochus**, Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria from 175-164 B.C. Twice captured Jerusalem, v. 47.
- Antonius**, Mark Antony, v. 49.
- Apollo**, son of Jupiter and Latona, god of the fine arts, v. 43.
- Archimago** (=the arch-magician). Hypocrisy, i. 43, etc.
- Aread**, explain, tell, viii. 31, 33; ix. 6, 23, etc.; advise, xii. 28.
- Aredd** (pp.), x. 17, etc. **Areeds**, urges. Int. i.
- Argus**, "Argus eyes." The eyes of the hundred-eyed Argus were transplanted by Juno to the peacock's tail, iv. 17.
- Armorie**, armour, i. 27.
- Aslake**, appease, iii. 36.
- Assay** (sb.), approved quality, value, ii. 13; trial, affliction, vii. 27; attack, assault, viii. 8.
- Assaid** (vb.), tried (with affliction), assailed.
- Attacht**, seized, xii. 35.
- Attaint**, sully, obscure, vii. 34.
- Aurora**, goddess of the dawn, iv. 16.
- Avale**, sink, fall, i. 21.
- Avernus**, Lake Avernus in Campania was regarded by the Romans as the entrance to Hades,
- but Spenser speaks of it as a cavern, v. 31.
- Aveugle** (=the blind one), the father of Sansloy, Sansjoy, and Sansfoy, v. 23.
- Avise**, perceive, viii. 15. **Avizd** (pp.), v. 40.
- Bale**, disaster, destruction, i. 16; viii. 14; trouble, ix. 16, 29.
- Banes**, banns of marriage, xii. 36.
- Baser**, too base or humble, ii. 7.
- Bath**, the town in Somersetshire, xi. 30.
- Battailous**, ready for battle, warlike, v. 2.
- Bauldrick**, belt or girdle, usually of leather and richly ornamented, worn pendant from one shoulder across the breast and under the opposite arm, and used to support the wearer's sword, bugle, etc., vii. 29. (N.E.D.)
- Bayes**, bathes, vii. 3.
- Beades**, prayers, i. 30.
- Beadmen**, lit. prayermen; men devoted to prayer for others, especially for the soul of the founder of the charitable institutions in which they lived, x. 36.
- Become**, gone to, x. 16.
- Behight**, committed, delivered, x. 50; declare, name, x. 64.
- Behott**, held out hope of, promised, xi. 38.
- Beseemed**, suited, x. 14.

GLOSSARY

- Beseene**, appareled, appointed, xii. 5 ; or **well beseeene** may mean "seen to look well" = good looking. See N.E.D.
- Bestedd**, situated, circum stanced, i. 24.
- Bever**, beaver, that movable part of the helmet which let down over the face, vii. 31.
- Bewaile**, meaning uncertain ; (a) "used apparently for cause or compass" (Nares); (b) "the usage here of **bewaile** is either very forced (? suggested by the consequences of a wreck), or it is a mere error." N.E.D. vi. 1.
- Bidding**, praying, i. 30.
- Billive**, quickly, v. 32 ; **bylive**, ix. 4.
- Blame**, blameworthiness(?), or injury, hurt (?) (N.E.D.), ii. 18.
- Blesse**, (1) brandish, v. 6 ; **blest** (pp.), viii. 22. (2) Protect, save, vii. 12 ; ix. 28 ; **blest**, ii. 18.
- Blubbred**, disfigured with weeping, vi. 9.
- Blunt**, dim, x. 47.
- Bond**, bound, i. 3.
- Boreas**, god of the North wind, ii. 33.
- Boughtes**, coils, folds, i. 15 ; xi. 11.
- Bound**, lead, x. 67.
- Bowrs**, muscles, viii. 21.
- Bras**, money, x. 40.
- Brast**, burst, v. 31 ; viii. 4 ; ix. 21.
- Brode**, abroad, iv. 16.
- Brond**, brand, fire-brand, iv. 33 ; viii. 21 ; ix. 53.
- Bugle**, a wild ox, viii. 3.
- Buxome**, unresisting, pliant, xi. 37.
- Cæsar**, Julius Cæsar, v. 49.
- Call**, a cap, net or headdress, often richly ornamented, viii. 46.
- Can**, probably = **gan**, ix. 5.
- Canon**, "caon bitt," a smooth round bit for horses, vii. 37.
- Carefull**, full of care, anxious, sorrowful, v. 52 ; vi. 6 ; vii. 28, 39 ; x. 29.
- Carke**, anxiety, sorrow, i. 44.
- Carver**, used for carving, "**Carver holme**," the holm or ever-green oak, suitable for carving, i. 9.
- Casseiopieas chaire**, a constellation in the northern hemisphere, iii. 16.
- Caytive**, base, mean, v. 11 ; captive (?), v. 45 ; viii. 32 ; ix. 11.
- Centaures bloud**, the robe which caused the death of Hercules was smeared with the blood of the Centaur Nessus, xi. 27.
- Cephise**, Cephisus, a river of Greece, xi. 30.
- Cerberus**, the three-headed dog-monster, who guarded the entrance to Hades, v. 34.
- Chaufed**, vexed, heated, iii. 33, 42 ; **chaufe**, to warm by rubbing, chafe, vii. 21.
- Chaw**, jaw, iv. 30.
- Chear**, countenance, manner, ii. 27, 42, 45.
- Chearen**, cheer or refresh (himself), x. 2.
- Cleene**, pure, bright, ix. 4.

GLOSSARY

- Cleopatra**, the great queen of Egypt, v. 50.
- Cleopolis**, "the city of glory," x. 58.
- Cocytus**, a river of Hades, i. 37.
- Cœlia**(=the "heavenly one"), mother of Fidelia, Speranza, Charissa, x. 4.
- Combred**, encumbered, viii. 10.
- Compare**, collect, iv. 28.
- Corage**, heart, vi. 1, 33; vii. 6; viii. 14; courage, brave feeling, viii. 6; ix. 9.
- Corceca** (=blind-hearted). Blind Devotion or Superstition, iii. 18.
- Couch**, lay in place, xi. 16; "couch the spear," to level or adjust it; **couched** (pp.), xi. 9.
- Counterfesaunce**, imposture, fraud, viii. 49.
- Crœsus**, King of Lydia, of vast wealth, v. 47.
- Crudly**, clotted, v. 29.
- Crudled**, curdled, congealed, vii. 5; ix. 52.
- Cure**, charge, v. 44.
- Cybele**, daughter of Cœlus and Terra, a great goddess of fertility, worshipped in woods and mountains, vi. 15.
- Cymbrian plain**, may be used as a general term for any plain abundant in cattle, and refer either to (*a*) the Crimea, once inhabited by the nomadic race of Cimmerii, or (*b*) the district of the tribe Cimbred who lived in what is now Jutland, viii. 11.
- Cynthia**, one of the names of Diana, the goddess of the moon, i. 39.
- Cyparisse**, a youth who pined away after the death of his favourite stag, killed by Sylvanus, vi. 17.
- Dæmogorgon** (**Gorgon**). "a mysterious and essentially evil divinity of mediæval times, whom some regarded as the author of creation, and others as a great magician who ruled the spirits of the under world," i. 37; v. 22.
- Daint**, dainty, delicate, x. 2.
- Dainty**, that which is dainty, nice, or coy, ii. 27; very, exceedingly dainty, xi. 48.
- Dalliaunce**, trifling, light talk, ii. 14.
- Darrayne**, to prepare or arrange for (generally, but not always, used of fighting), iv. 40; vii. 11.
- Deare**, injury, vii. 48.
- Deare**, precious, xi. 48.
- Dee**, a river of Merionethshire, ix. 4.
- Defeasaunce**, defeat, xii. 12.
- Defray**, *lit.* pay the cost of, hence, appease, v. 42.
- Derth**, dearness, high value, ii. 27.
- Deryv'd**, drawn away, diverted, iii. 2.
- Despight**, resentment, injured feeling, ii. 6; malice, iv. 35, 41.

GLOSSARY

- v. 14; ix. 11; injury, vii. 49, xi. 17.
- Dight**, to arrange, prepare, dress, deck, vii. 8 (pp.), iv. 6 (pret.), iv. 14, etc.
- Disaventrous**, unfortunate, ix. 11.
- Discoloured**, many coloured, vii. 32.
- Dispiteous**, cruel, ii. 15.
- Disple**, to discipline, x. 27.
- Disport**, sport, playing, ii. 14.
- Disseized**, dispossessed, xi. 20.
- Dissolute**, weak, vii. 51.
- Distayned**, defiled, xi. 23.
- Dites**, makes ready, raises, viii. 18. *See Dight.*
- Diverse**, distracting, i. 44.
- Dolours**, sorrows, pains, viii. 38; x. 33; xi. 26.
- Donne (to)**, to do, x. 33.
- Dred**, "dearest dred," Int. 4; "deare dred," vi. 2; a reverential way of addressing or designating one who is an object of veneration or fear.
- Drere**, sadness, sorrow, viii. 40.
- Dreriment**, sorrow, ii. 44; xi. 32; gloom (?), viii. 9.
- Drest**, prepared, treated, ix. 54.
- Droome**, drum, ix. 41.
- Drousyhed**, drowsiness, ii. 7.
- Dry dropsie** (meaning doubtfall).
 (1) A dropsy causing thirst or drynes: s (Warton). (2) Did Spenser write "dire dropsie"? (Upton). (3) Is it a misprint for hydropsie? (Collier), iv. 23.
- Dryope**, a princess, stolen by the Hamadryads, and turned into a nymph, vi. 8.
- Duessa** (=two-fold), Falsehood, ii. 34.
- Earne**, to long for, yearn, i. 3; vi. 25; **earnd**, ix. 18.
- Edifyde**, built, i. 34.
- Eforce**, to gain by force, vi. 4.
- Eft**, again, ix. 25.
- Eld**, age, old age, x. 8.
- Elfe**, elf or fairy, i. 17, etc. The knight was supposed to be the son of a fairy. (See x. 60, 64, 65.)
- Elfin**, of elvish or fairy origin, i. 46, etc.
- Embard**, barred in, imprisoned, ii. 31; vii. 44.
- Embay**, to bathe, x. 27; **embayd**, ix. 13.
- Embst**, encased, iii. 24; exhausted, worn out, ix. 29; **embosse**, to plunge (of a spear), xi. 20.
- Embowed**, curved, rounded, ix. 19.
- Emboyled**, in a boil or state of agitation (N.E.D.), xi. 28.
- Empeach**, to hinder, viii. 34.
- Emprize**, adventure, enterprise, ix. 1.
- Enchace**, to serve as a setting for, xii. 23.
- Ensouldred**, charged with thunderbolts, black as a thunder-cloud (N.E.D.), xi. 40.
- Engrave**, bury, x. 42.
- Enhaunst**, raised, lifted up, i. 17; v. 47.

GLOSSARY

- Entire**, whole, restored (*i.e.* untouched), vi. 44.
- Entraile**, coil, twist, i. 16.
- Errant**, wandering, ii. 34; iv. 38; (*erraunt*); xii. 27. An "errant knight," a knight in search of adventure.
- Esloyne**, to retire, seclude oneself, iv. 20.
- Essoyne**, exemption, excuse, iv. 20.
- Estate**, condition, viii. 12.
- Eugh**, yew, i. 9.
- Euphrates**, the famous river; one of the streams flowing through Eden, vii. 43.
- Ewghen**, made of yew, xi. 19.
- Excheat**, escheat, a law term, meaning any property which may fall to the lord of a fief by forfeiture; perhaps used here by Spenser in general sense of "gain," v. 25.
- Extirpe**, extirpate, x. 25.
- Eyas**, "eyns hauke" = a hawk taken from the nest for the purpose of training; or else, one not completely trained, xi. 34.
- Eyne, eien, eyen**, eyes, ii. 27, etc.
- Fact**, deed, iv. 34; ix. 37.
- Faine**, to pretend, xii. 35.
- Falsed**, deceived, deluded, ii. 30; made false, betrayed, ix. 46.
- Fauns and Satyrs**, the lesser deities of fields and woods, with legs, feet and ears of a goat, and the rest human, vi. 7.
- Fayne**, gladly, iv. 10; glad, vi. 12.
- Faytor**, a make-believe, deceiver, villain, iv. 47; xii. 35.
- Feature**, shape, fashion, make (of one's person), viii. 49.
- Fell**, cruel, ii. 10, 25; xi. 31, etc.
- Felly**, cruelly, v. 34.
- Fere**, companion (here, husband), x. 4.
- Fidelia** (=faith), x. 12.
- Fidessa** (=faith), ii. 26.
- Fit**, a division of a poem or song; a musical strain, xi. 7.
- Fit**, struggle, passion, iv. 34; "bitter fit," the agony of death, ii. 18.
- Flaggy**, hanging loose, xi. 10.
- Flora**, goddess of spring, iv. 17.
- Fond**, foolish, ix. 39.
- Fone**, foes, ii. 23.
- Food**, feud, viii. 9.
- Foolhappie**, happy as a fool, "unwittingly happy, fortunate rather than provident" (Nares), vi. 1.
- Fordonne**, undone, ruined, wounded to death, v. 41; x. 33, 47, 60.
- Foreby**, hard by, near, vi. 39; vii. 2; x. 36.
- Forelifting**, lifting up in front, xi. 15.
- Forespent**, entirely spent, wasted, ix. 43.
- Foretaught**, either (1) untaught, mistaught, or (2) taught before, hence, perhaps, despised, vii. 18.

GLOSSARY

- Forlore,** forlorn, abandoned, forsaken, viii. 39; x. 21.
- Forrayed,** ravaged, preyed upon, xii. 3.
- Forsake,** avoid, xi. 24.
- Forwandring,** wearied with wandering, or utterly astray, vi. 34.
- Forwasted,** laid utterly waste, ravaged, i. 5; xi. 1.
- Forwearied,** utterly weary, worn out, i. 32; ix. 13; x. 17; xi. 45.
- Fradubio** (=doubt), ii. 34.
- Fraelissa** (=frailty), ii. 37.
- Fraight,** fraught, freighted, xi. 35.
- Frame,** support, viii. 30.
- Francklin,** freeman, freeholder, x. 6.
- Fry,** to frighten, i. 38; xii. 11; frayed, iii. 19; **frayes,** i. 52.
- Frounce,** to plait or friz the hair, iv. 14.
- Fry,** swarmus, xii. 7.
- Funerall,** death, ii. 20.
- Fyne,** thin, iv. 21; **fine,** v. 28.
- Gage,** pledge, here used as the thing contended for, xi. 41.
- Gan,** began, often used as auxiliary verb, "did," ii. 2; v. 21, 41, 44, etc.; present tense=gins, i. 21, 23, etc.
- Gate,** way, i. 13; manner, viii. 12.
- Ilion,** a river of Eden or Paradise, vii. 43.
- Gent,** fair, beautiful, gentle, ix. 6, 27.
- German,** brother, v. 10, 13.
- Gest,** adventure, deed of arms, x. 15.
- Gin,** engine or instrument (here, of torture), v. 35.
- Gins,** see **Gan.**
- Giusts,** jousts, i. 9.
- Glitterand,** glittering, iv. 16; vii. 29.
- Gnarre,** snarl, gnarl, v. 34.
- Gobbets,** lumps, pieces, i. 20; xi. 13.
- Gorgon,** see **Dæmogorgon.**
- Gossips,** neighbours, companions, "cronies," xii. 11.
- Gralle,** gravel, vii. 6.
- Graine,** dye, fast colour, vii. 1.
- Gree,** good will, satisfaction, v. 16.
- Griesie,** ix. 35. *See Griesly.*
- Griesly,** grisly, dreadful, hideous, i. 37; iv. 11; v. 20.
- Grippe,** grasping, iv. 31.
- Grosse,** fast, mighty, xi. 20.
- Grudging,** murmuring, ii. 19.
- Gryfon,** griffin, a fabulous creature, half lion, half eagle, v. 8.
- Hable,** skilful, able, xi. 19.
- Haggard,** wild, untrained, xi. 19.
- Hamadryades,** inferior goddesses of woods and forests, vi. 18.
- Hanniball,** the great Carthaginian general, who took poison to avoid being captured by the Romans, v. 49.
- Hardiment,** rashness, boldness, i. 14; ix. 12.
- Haught,** haughty, vi. 29.
- Heben,** of ebony, Int. 3; vii. 37.

GLOSSARY

- Hebrus**, a river of Thrace, famous for the purity of its waters, xi. 30.
- Hecate**, a mysterious goddess of the under-world, regarded as the ruler of demons, i. 43.
- Hefté**, heaved, raised, xi. 6.
- Henge**, hinge, xi. 21.
- Hesperus**, the evening star, vii. 32.
- Hew**, shape, countenance, i. 46; v. 20; viii. 35; ix. 24; colour, iii. 11.
- Hierusalem**, Jerusalem, x. 57.
- Hight**, (1) called, was called, ii. 44; vii. 46; ix. 46; x. 55, etc. (2) Entrusted, given in charge, iv. 6.
- Hippolytus**, son of Theseus and Hippolyte, was accused of treason by his step-mother, Phædra, and his death caused by the sea-calves of Neptune, v. 36.
- Horrid**, rough, bristling, vi. 25; vii. 31.
- Hot**, was called, xi. 29. (*See Hight*)
- Housling**, sacramental (*lit. belonging to the Eucharist*), xii. 37.
- Hove**, raise, ii. 31.
- Humiltà** (=humility), the door-keeper in the House of Holiness, x. 5.
- Hurtlen**, to rush, iv. 16; (*hurting*) viii. 17; to clash together, iv. 40.
- Hurtlesse**, harmless, gentle, vi. 31.
- Husher**, usher, door-keeper, iv. 13.
- Ignaro** (=ignorance), foster-father of Orgoglio, viii. 31.
- Impe**, child, offspring, Int. 3; i. 26; ix. 6; (**ymp**) x. 60.
- Imperceable**, unpierceable, xi. 17.
- Implies**, enfolds, covers up, iv. 31; vi. 6; xi. 23.
- Improvided**, unforeseen, xii. 34.
- In**, abode, lodging.
- Incontinent**, at once, ix. 19.
- Infest**, make fierce, (?) *lit.* attack, xi. 6.
- Intended**, aimed, stretched out, xi. 38.
- Intendiment**, attention, xii. 31.
- Intent**, purpose, i. 43.
- Invent**, discover, vi. 15.
- Ixion**, King of the Lapithæ, chained to a burning wheel because he tried to win the love of Juno, v. 35.
- Jolly**, fine, handsome, i. 1; ii. 11.
- Jordan**, the Syrian river, xi. 30.
- Journall**, daily, xi. 31.
- Joyaunce**, joy, merriment, iv. 37.
- Keape**, care, heed, i. 40.
- Keeping**, guard, care, xi. 2, "at your keeping well" = "well on your guard."
- Kend**, known, xii. 1.
- Kest**, cast, xi. 31.
- Kindly**, natural, according to kind or nature, iii. 28; viii. 11; ix. 9; x. 47.
- Kirkrapine** (=church robbery), iii. 22.
- Kirtle**, a coat, iv. 31.

GLOSSARY

- Labryde** (= turbulent, greedy), "representing the lower appetites," vi. 21.
- Lad**, led, i. 4.
- Lay-stall**, dung-hill, place for rubbish, v. 53.
- Lazars**, lepers, iv. 3.
- Leach**, physician, v. 44.
- Leasing**, falsehood, vi. 48.
- Leke**, leaky, v. 35.
- Leman**, lover, i. 6, 43.
- Lentulus**, a patrician who joined the Catiline conspiracy (63 B.C.), and was strangled on its failure, v. 49.
- Lerna**, *see Alcides*.
- Let**, hindrance, viii. 13.
- Lethe**, a river of Hades. Spenser makes it a lake, iii. 36.
- Lever**, liefer, rather, ix. 32.
- Libbard**, leopard, vi. 25.
- Liefe**, dear, dear one, iii. 28; ix. 17.
- Lilled**, lolled out (his tongue, like a dog), v. 34.
- Limbo**, "Limbo lake" here means "the abode of the lost; but properly the limbus (or border) was the place bordering on Hell where dwell the souls of those awaiting the Resurrection," ii. 32.
- Lin**, to cease, i. 24; v. 35.
- List**, desired, pleased, ii. 22; vii. 35; x. 20; xi. 10.
- Lively**, living, ii. 24; vii. 20.
- Loft**, (1) the air or sky; (2) the room nearest the sky; (3) the roof. "Upon the loft" = either "in the air," or "on the roof."
- Lore**, knowledge, i. 5.
- Louted**, bowed, x. 44; (*louting*) i. 30.
- Lowre**, scowl, darken, ii. 22.
- Lucifera** (feminine form of Lucifer, a name for Satan). Pride, iv. 12.
- Lynd**, lined, xi. 10.
- Maine**, power, strength, viii. 7; (*mayne*) vii. 11.
- Make**, mate, vii. 7, 15.
- Mall**, club, vii. 51.
- Malvenu** (=Ill-comē), the porter of the House of Pride, iv. 6.
- Many**, company, crowd, xii. 9.
- Marius**, the rival of Sylla. Seven times Consul of Rome. Died, B.C. 86, v. 48.
- Mart**, Mars, Int. 3.
- Mated**, overcome, ix. 12. (*See Amate.*)
- Mell**, to meddle, i. 30.
- Menage**, to manage (a horse), vii. 37.
- Ment**, joined, mingled, i. 5.
- Merlin**, the ancient enchanter, attendant on Prince Arthur, ix. 5.
- Mery**, pleasant, x. 61. The phrase "Mery England" refers originally, therefore, more to the country than to its inhabitants.
- Mew**, prison, confined place, v. 20.
- Miskeeming**, misleading, ii. 3; misjudging, iv. 2.

GLOSSARY

- Misfeigning**, pretending wrongfully, iii. 40.
- Misformed**, ill-formed, or formed for evil, i. 55 ; viii. 16.
- Mishappen**, happen ill or amiss, iii. 20.
- Misseeming** (subs.), deceit, vii. 50 ; (adj.) unseemly, viii. 42 ; ix. 23.
- Mister**, manner of, kind of, ix. 23.
- Misweening**, wrong thinking, wrong belief, iv. 1.
- Moe, mo**, more, v. 50 ; ix. 44, etc.
- Morpheus**, the god of sleep, i. 36, etc.
- Mortality**, state of being mortal, living, x. 1.
- Mortall**, deadly, i. 15.
- Mote**, may, iii. 29 ; ix. 32 ; might, ix. 27 ; etc.
- Mought**, might, i. 42.
- Muchell**, great, much, iv. 46 ; vi. 20, etc.
- Naiades**, nymphs of springs, wells, and rivers, vi. 18.
- Nathemore**, none the more, viii. 13 ; ix. 25.
- Nephews**, grandchildren, descendants, v. 22.
- Neptune**, god of the sea, iii. 32.
- Nereus**, a sea-god, son of Oceanus and Terra, whose chief residence was in the Aegean, iii. 31.
- Nil**, will not, iii. 43 ; ix. 15.
- Nilus**, the river Nile, i. 21.
- Nimrod**, the builder of the Tower of Babel, v. 47.
- Ninus**, the reputed founder of Nineveh, v. 47.
- Note**, know not, xii. 17.
- Nould**, would not, vi. 17.
- Noursled**, reared, vi. 23.
- Noyous**, unpleasant, harmful, v. 45 ; xi. 50.
- Orgoglio** (=pride), the giant pride of brutal strength, vii. 14.
- Origane**, wild marjoram, ii. 40.
- Orions hound**, Sirius or the Dog-star, iii. 31.
- Ought**, owned, iv. 39.
- Overcraw**, to crow over, exult over insultingly, ix. 50.
- Owch**, a jewel, or the socket in which a jewel was set, ii. 13 ; x. 31.
- Paine**, effort, ii. 39 ; **payne** (vb.), take trouble or pain, iv. 15 ; labour, xii. 34.
- Paire**, impair, injure, vii. 41.
- Paled**, enclosed with a pale, fenced off, v. 5.
- Parbreak**, vomit, i. 20.
- Pardale**, leopard, vi. 26.
- Pas**, to surpass, iv. 11 ; **pas.ing**, x. 24 ; to step, pace, xi. 15.
- Passion**, lit. suffering; any deep stirring of the mind, ii. 26. 32.
- Paynim** (subs. and adj.), pagan or heathen, iv. 41 ; vi. 39 ; xi. 7.
- Pennes**, feathers, quills, xi. 10.
- Percen**, to pierce, vii. 33.
- Perdie, perdy**, *par Dieu* (a common oath), vi. 42, etc.
- Pere**, noble, prince, viii. 7 ; xii. 17.
- Presaunt**, piercing, x. 47.

GLOSSARY

- Phison**, a river of Eden, vii. 43.
- Phlegeton**, a river of Hades, v. 33.
- Phœbe**, another name for Artemis or Diana, vii. 5.
- Phœbus**, god of the Sun, ii. 1, etc.
- Pholes**, a name perhaps of Spenser's invention, vi. 15.
- Pight**, pitched, fixed, ii. 42; vi. 25, 43, etc.
- Pine**; wasting away, ix. 35.
- Platane**, plane tree, i. a.
- Plate**, "the broad, solid armour," as distinguished from the "maile," or light chain armour, vi. 43; vii. 2.
- Pleasaunce**, pleasanterness, delight, iv. 38; vii. 4.
- Pluto**, king of Hades, i. 4.
- Point**, "armed to point" = "arm'd in all points, cap-a-pie," i. 16; ii. 12.
- Pollicie**, cunning, statecraft, iv. 12.
- Pompey**, Pompey the Great, murdered B.C. 48.
- Portesse**, breviary, small prayer-book, iv. 9.
- Pouldred**, powdered, vii. 12.
- Poynant**, piercing, vii. 19.
- Poyse**, weight, force, xi. 54.
- Practicke**, deceitful, xii. 34.
- Preace**, press, crowding, iii. 3; (vb.) offer opposition, xii. 19.
- Price**, to pay the price of, ix. 37.
- Pricking**, galloping, riding, i. 1; spurring on quickly, iii. 33.
- Priefe**, trial, viii. 43; proof, ix. 17; proved excellence, x. 24.
- Prime**, spring time (?), ii. 40; iv. 17; vi. 13.
- Privity**, privacy, ix. 5.
- Proserpine**, daughter of Jupiter and Ceres, carried off by Pluto to be his queen, ii. 2.
- Proteus**, a sea-god who could take any shape he pleased, ii. 10.
- Prowesse**, bravery, vii. 42.
- Prowest**, bravest, iv. 41; v. 14.
- Puissance**, power, i. 3, etc.
- Puissant**, powerful, mighty, x. 17, etc.
- Purchas**, theft (*Lit.* acquisition), iii. 16.
- Purified**, embroidered on the edge, ii. 13.
- Purposes**, conversation, words, ii. 30.
- Purveyance**, provision, xii. 13.
- Quaille**, to subdue, overpower, ix. 49; (**quayd**, pp.), viii. 14.
- Quite**, to repay, return, viii. 26; x. 37; **quyteth**, ii. 17; return a salute, **quited**, i. 30; **quites**, x. 15; set free, disengage; **quight**, viii. 10.
- Raft** (pp. of **reave**), struck away, i. 24; **refte**, bereft, vi. 39; xii. 39; **reft**, snatched away, ix. 31; (pret.) x. 65.
- Raile**, flow, vi. 43.
- Ramping**, leaping, bounding, furious, iii. 5; viii. 12; xi. 37; **ramp**, v. 28.
- Rapt**, carried away, iv. 9.

GLOSSARY

- Raught**, reached, vi. 29, etc.
- Rauran**, a hill in Merionethshire (?), ix. 4; "Mossy hore" = covered with hoary moss.
- Ravine**, prey, v. 8.
- Read**, advise, i. 13. (*See Areed.*)
- Reave**, snatch away, iii. 36; xi. 41.
- Recoursing**, recurring (letter to Raleigh).
- Recoyle**, withdraw, x. 17.
- Recure**, to recover, restore, refresh, v. 44; xi. 30; **recured**, ix. 2; x. 24, 52.
- Redoubted**, terrible, dreadful, iv. 40.
- Redounding**, overflowing, iii. 8; **redound**, vi. 30.
- Redresse**, remake, revive, v. 36.
- Reed**, *see Areed..*
- Reele**, roll, v. 35.
- Rencountring**, encountering, meeting with a rush, iv. 39; xi. 53.
- Renowmed**, renowned, v. 5.
- Repining**, failing, wasting, ii. 17.
- Reprise**, reproof, ix. 29.
- Retrate**, retreat, i. 13.
- Reverse**, bring back, ix. 48.
- Rife**, exceedingly, ix. 52.
- Riotise**, riot, iv. 20.
- Rode**, anchorage, xii. 42.
- Romulus**, one of the mythical founders of Rome, v. 49.
- Rove**, shoot (*lit.* shoot "with an elevation not point blank"), Int. 3.
- Ruffin**, rough, disordered, iv. 34.
- Rusty**, rust-coloured, red, v. 32.
- Sacred**, accursed, viii. 35; "sacred ashes," *i.e.* ashes used in impious or superstitious rites. (Upton.)
- Sad**, sober, grave, mournful, i. 2; v. 20; x. 7; xii. 5; steady, firm, iii. 10.
- Sallow**, a sort of willow, i. 9.
- Salvage**, wild, belonging to the woods, iii. 5, 42; vi. 11, etc.
- Sam**, together, x. 57.
- Sansfoy** (=faithless), ii. 12.
- Sansjoy** (=joyless), iv. 38.
- Sansloy** (=lawless), iii. 33.
- Sarazin**, a word originally applied to Mahometans, but later on to all heathen, ii. 12, etc.
- Satyrane**, vi. 28.
- Say**, woollen (?) stuff used for cloaks, iv. 31.
- Sayling**, sayling pine = "the pine from which sailing ships are made," i. 6.
- Scald**, scabs, sores, viii. 47.
- Scath**, harm, hurt, mischief, iv. 35; xii. 34.
- Scipio**, Cornelius Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal, v. 49.
- Scor'd**, marked, i. 2.
- Scowre**, to run fast, scurry, ii. 20.
- Scryne**, a chest or case for precious things, Int. 2.
- Seare**, burning, withering, xi. 13.
- Seasd**, fastened, xi. 38; (*seised*) taken possession of, gained, xii. 17; (pp. of *seise*).
- Seely, Silly**, harmless, simple, i. 30; ii. 21; vi. 10, 35; ix. 53.

GLOSSARY

- Selinis**, Selinus (?) in Sicily, ii.
32.
- Semblaunt**, semblance, ii. 12.
- Semiramis**, a mythical queen of Assyria, wife of Ninus, v. 50.
- Sent**, sense, perception, i. 43.
- Shend**, to shame, i. 33.
- Shew**, trace, sign, iii. 10.
- Shroud**, to shelter, i. 6; shrouded, i. 8.
- Silo**, the pool of Siloam, xi. 30.
- Sisyphus** betrayed the plans of the gods, and was condemned to roll a block of marble perpetually uphill, v. 35.
- Sith**, since, vii. 22; viii. 28; **sithens**, iv. 51; ix. 8.
- Sits**, suits, becomes, i. 30.
- Sight**, device, trick, vii. 30; skill, viii. 23; **sleights**, vii. 51.
- Snaggy**, knotty, vii. 10.
- Snubbes**, boughs cut short, viii. 7.
- Solemnize**, solemnization, rite, x. 4.
- Souce**, beat, dash, v. 8.
- Sowne**, sound, i. 41.
- Spau**, a town in Belgium, famous for its waters, xi. 30.
- Spersed**, dispersed, i. 39; iv. 48.
- Spill**, destroy, iii. 43.
- Stadle**, staff, vi. 14.
- Starke**, stiff, i. 44.
- Sted**, stead, place, iv. 2; viii. 17; ix. 41; **steedd**, xi. 46.
- Sterne**, tail, i. 18; xi. 28.
- Sthenobœa**, who drank hemlock when slighted by Bellerophon.
- Spenser makes her strangle herself, v. 50.
- Stole**, a long robe, i. 4, 45; xii. 22.
- Stop**, stoppage, obstacle, viii. 13.
- Stound**, stunned (vb.), vii. 12; **Stound**, short space of time, moment, vii. 25; viii. 12, 25, 38.
- Stouping**, swooping, xi. 18.
- Stout**, bold, iv. 15.
- Stowre**, distress, calamity, battle, ii. 7; iii. 30; iv. 46; v. 51; vii. 12; viii. 53; x. 40.
- Stremona**, probably a name invented by Spenser, vii. 17.
- Stubs**, stumps, ix. 34.
- Stye**, rise up, xi. 18.
- Stygian**, belonging to the Styx, iv. 48; v. 10.
- Styx**, a river of Hades, i. 37.
- Subject**, lying beneath, xi. 19.
- Suspect**, suspicion, xi. 13.
- Swaid**, swayed, swung, xi.
- Swarved**, swerved, turned, x. 14.
- Swelt**, burned, vii. 6.
- Swinge**, singe, xi. 26.
- Swowne**, heavy sleep, i. 41; swoon, ix. 52; **swound**, v. 19.
- Sylla**, Sulla, Dictator of Rome, D. 78 B.C., v. 49.
- Sylvanus**, god of the fields and woods, vi. 7.
- Table**, picture (*lit.*, the surface on which a picture was drawn), ix. 49.
- Talaunts**, talons, xi. 41; (*talants*) xii. 11.

GLOSSARY

Tanaquill, daughter of Oberon, king of Fairyland (*see* Bk. II., x. 76); named also Gloriana, i. 2.

Tantalus betrayed the secrets of Zeus, and was punished by being placed up to his neck in water which his lips could never touch, v. 35.

Tarquin, Tarquinius Superbus, the last king of Rome, v. 49.

Tartary, Tartarus, the place of torment in Hades, vii. 44.

Teade, torch, xii. 37.

Teene, trouble, sorrow, vexation, ix. 34; xii. 18.

Terwin, ix. 27.

Tethys, the wife of Oceanus, i. 39.

Then, than, x. 10.

Therion (=wild beast), vi. 21.

Theseus, the Athenian hero, punished for attempting to carry off Persephone. He was fixed immovably to a rock until Hercules released him, v. 35.

Thewes, manners, ix. 3; x. 4.

Tho, then, v. 11, 41; xi. 42.

Thorough, through, i. 32; iv. 28; x. 1.

Thrill, to pierce, x. 19; **thrilling**, iii. 42; **thrillant**, xi. 21.

Throw, throe, x. 41.

Thyamis (=passion), "impersonates animal passion," vi. 21.

Tiberis, the Tiber, ii. 22.

Timon (=honour), ix. 4.

Tire, (1) train, procession, company, iv. 35; (2) attire, generally applied to the head-dress, viii. 46; x. 31.

Titan, a name for the Sun-god. The Titans were sons of Cælus and Terra, ii. 7.

Tithonus, son of Laomedan, king of Troy, loved by Aurora, the dawn, who gave him immortality without youth—hence he became old and outworn, ii. 7.

Tityus, for assaulting Diana, was punished by two vultures devouring his liver, v. 35.

Told, counted, iv. 27.

Tort, wrong, xii. 4.

Touch, touchstone (*i.e.* gold), iii. 2.

Trace, walk, viii. 31.

Transmew, transmute, vii. 35.

Traynes, (1) wiles, deceit, iii. 2; vi. 3; **trains**, xii. 36; **traine**, i. 18; vii. 1; viii. 4; ix. 31; (2) **traine**=tail, i. 18; viii. 17; xi. 37.

Treen, belonging to or of a tree, tree-like, ii. 39; vii. 26.

Trenchand, trenchant, sharp, i. 17; xi. 24.

Trevisan, ix. 32.

Trinall, threefold, xii. 39.

Triplicity, threefoldness, quality of being threefold, xii. 39.

Truncked, truncated, with the limbs cut off, viii. 10.

Trusse, to take firm hold of, xi. 19.

Twyfold, twofold, v. 28.

Twyne, a twist, vi. 14.

Tyne, trouble, pain, ix. 15. (*See* **Teene**.)

GLOSSARY

- Typhœus**, a hundred-headed monster killed by Zeus with a thunder-bolt, and buried under Mt Etna, v. 35.
- Tyrannesse**, a female tyrant, v. 46.
- Una** (=one or oneness), Truth.
- Unacquainted**, "unacquainted Light," the light to which she was not accustomed, v. 21.
- Unbid**, unprayed for, ix. 54.
- Uncouth**, strange, unaccustomed, i. 15; xi. 20.
- Undight**, unfastened, took off, iii. 4.
- Unneath**, uneasily, with difficulty, ix. 38; x. 31; xi. 4.
- Unnable**, unable, incapable, iv. 23.
- Unkindly**, unnatural, i. 26.
- Unlich**, unlike, v. 28.
- Untill**, unto, to, xi. 4.
- Unwary**, unexpected, xii. 25.
- Unweeting**, unaware, unconscious, ii. 45; vii. 6; x. 9; xi. 29.
- Vantage**, to advantage, help, iv. 49.
- Venery**, hunting, vi. 22.
- Vere**, to veer, xii. 1.
- Vew**, aspect, appearance, vi. 25.
- Vild**, vile, heading of Canto iii.; ix. 46; (**vildly**), i. 20; iii. 43.
- Vine-prop**, "vine-prop elm" = the elm which is used for training up or supporting the vine, i. 8.
- Visour**, vizor, that part of the helmet which covered the face; a mask, vii. 1.
- Wade**, walk, go, i. 12.
- Wage**, pledge, reward, iv. 39.
- Wanton**, wild, unrestrained, ii. 13, 14.
- Warrayd**, laid waste, v. 48.
- Wastfull**, barren, desolate, i. 32; iii. 3; viii. 50.
- Wastnes**, wilderness, iii. 3.
- Wayne**, wain, chariot, iv. 9.
- Wayting**, watching, x. 36.
- Weeds**, clothes, Int. i.; x. 23; armour; **weed**, vii. 19.
- Weene**, intend, iii. 41; **weening**, i. 10; think, x. 58.
- Weet**, to know, iii. 6, 11; **to weete** = to wit, iii. 17, etc.
- Weld**, to wield, move about, xi. 28.
- Welke**, to fade, i. 23.
- Welkin**, sky, iv. 9.
- Well**, well-being, health, ii. 43.
- Wex**, to grow, xi.; **woxen** (pp.), iv. 34.
- Whally**, "marked with streaks," (?) iv. 24.
- Whott**, hot, x. 26.
- Whyleare**, erewhile, ix. 28.
- Whylome**, formerly, of yore., Int. i., iv. 15, etc.
- Wight**, person, creature, i. 31, 32, etc.
- Wimple**, a veil, *lit.* a covering for the neck, xii. 22; **wimpled** (vb.), plaited, folded, i. 4.
- Wist**, knew, v. 27.

GLOSSARY

Wonne , (1) fought, vi. 39 ; Wonne (2) to dwell, vi. 39.	Ydrad , dreaded, i. 2.
Wood , mad, iv. 34 ; v. 20.	Yede , to go, xi. 5.
Worshippē , honour, i. 3.	Yelded , yelled, xi. 37.
Wot , know, i. 13 ; wote , i. 31, etc. (<i>See West.</i>)	Yfere , together, ix. 1.
Wreakes , acts of vengeance, viii. 43 ; xii. 16.	Ygoe , ago, ii. 18.
Wrethed , curled, twisted, i. 18.	Yled , led, vii. 46.
Wrizled , wrinkled (?), viii. 47.	Ylinked , linked, x. 12.
Wyde , distant, i. 34.	Ymp , <i>see Imp.</i>
Yborne , born, vii. 10.	Ynd , India, vi. 2.
Ycladd , clad i. 1 ; yclad , i. 7, 29; ii. 2 ; ycled , iv. 38.	Ypight , pitched, placed, ix. 33 (<i>See Fight.</i>)
	Yrkesome , weary, ii. 6 ; tiresome painful, iii. 4.
	Yts , it is, vii. 39.

NOTES

Introduction

- I (2) "Shepheard's weeds," alluding to Spenser's previous poem, the Shepherd's Calendar.
II (1) **Chief of nine**: Clio, the muse of History.
.. (6) **Briton prince**: Prince Arthur.

CANTO I

- Stanza VIII (7) **Poplar never dry**; because it grows in damp places.
.. IX (2) **Firre that weepeth still**. Resin is distilled from the fir.
.. .. (6) **Mirrhe sweet bleeding**, etc. It gives out a sweet-smelling gum, but tastes bitter.
.. XIII (5) Ed. 1590 and 1596 read "Therefore your hardy stroke." Under "Faults escaped," it is rightly corrected by the omission of "hardy."
.. XXI (5) In Edition 1590 under "Faults escaped in the print," this line is corrected (?) to "But when his later spring gins to avale," a needless change and a reading so much less melodious than that of the text, that if Spenser himself altered it, as may be doubted, he would scarcely have retained it in a future revision.
.. XLII (7) **Dryer brain**. Too dry brain, which Spenser implies is the cause of false and troubled dreams.

CANTO II

- Stanza I (1) **Northerne wagoner**. The constellation Boötes.
.. (2) **Sevenfold tene**. The seven stars of the Great Bear or Waggon (Charles's Wain).
Stedfast starre. The Pole Star.
.. IX (4) **The end of his drift**: (which had been) the aim of his plans.

NOTES

- Stanza XIII (8) **Woven like a wave.** Cf. Sidney's *Arcadia*, where a knight is described as "having on his bases (i.e. lower part of armour which defended the loins) and caparison embroidered a *waving water*, at each side whereof he had netting cast over, in which were divers fishes naturally made, and so prettily that as the horse stirred, the fishes seemed to strive and leap in the net."
- .. XVII (5) Ed. 1590 and 1596 reads "And through their iron sides with cruelties." Under "Faults escaped" the finer reading of the text is given.
- .. XVIII (9) "**From blame him fairly blest.**" Two interpretations may be given of this phrase: (a) referring to the Sarazin, "acquitted him of blame" (as regards the strength of his blow); (b) referring to the knight, "shielded him from injury or disgrace," i.e. did not wound him. The latter is the more likely.
- .. XXVII (9) **So dainty . . . maketh derth.** A proverb—"that which is dainty is dear" (through its scarcity). The "coy lookes" of Duessa were meant to draw out more strongly the affection of the knight towards her.
- .. XXIX (8) "For golden Phœbus now that mounted high" is the reading of 1590 and 1596. The reading in the text is found in "Faults escaped."

CANTO III

- Stanza VII (3) **Mightie proud to humble weake.** Proud mightiness to humble weakness.
- .. XXI (5) **That long wandring Greeke.** Ulysses, who, faithful to his love for wife and country, refused Calypso's offer of immortality.
- .. XXXI (9) **Nereus crownes with cups.** Drinks to the health of Nereus. "Crowns" may refer either to filling of the cups to the brim, or to the ancient custom of crowning cups with garlands.
- .. XXXVI (7) **When mourning altars . . . aslakē :** i.e. "when

NOTES

mourning altars (raised by the Paynim on behalf of his dead brother, Sansfoy, who had been slain by the Redcross knight), having been purged or purified with the life of the enemy, appease the Furies." That is, Sansloy threatens to offer up the pretended Redcross knight on the funeral altar of his brother.

CANTO IV

- Stanza xv (6) **Faerie.** The elfin knight.
,, XXXV (8) **St. Fraunces fire.** "Spenser probably means St. Anthony's fire, or erysipelas."
,, XLV (5) Ed. 1590 and 1596 read "Cause of my new grief, cause of new joy," a line of more vigour, though less metrically correct than the reading of the text, given in "Faults escaped."

CANTO V

- Stanza VIII (5) **That would his rightful ravine,** etc.: "that" = the dragon.

CANTO VI

- Stanza xv (2) The reading in the text is from Ed. 1590; 1596 reads, "Of Bacchus." The meaning of "Or . . . Or . . . in ll. 2, 3, is clearly = "Either . . . Or . . ."
,, XXVI (5) Ed. 1590 reads "The Antelope and Wolfe both swift and cruell"; Ed. 1596 follows the correction in "Faults escaped."
,, XLI (8) **Three-square.** Of three equal sides.
,, XLII (7) **But had he beene . . . proven trew:** i.e., But had he (the Redcross knight) been where erst his arms were lent (*i.e.* with Archimago, who had disguised himself in armour like the knight's) the foolish enchanter would not have rued the crime of the murder of Sansloy (but the knight himself would have suffered). But now thou shalt prove his crime true by suffering defeat from me, the avenger of his crime.

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CANTO VII

- Stanza v (5) "And all that drink thereof do faint and feeble grow," is the reading of Ed. 1590.
- .. x (6) **And left to losse.** Given up to destruction, "a lost man," referring to the knight.
- .. xxxiv (9) **As when her face is staynd**, etc. Alluding to the common superstition that witches could by enchantment cause an eclipse of the moon.
- .. xxxvii (7) "Trample as the aire," Ed. 1590 reads "amble as the aire."
- .. xl ix (2) **Captive languor.** "languishing captivity," (?) perhaps referring to the captivity of her parents.

CANTO VIII

- Stanza i (6) Ed. 1590 reads "thorough his own," etc.
- .. xi (9) Ed. 1590 and 1596 read "The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring." The reading of the text is found in "Faults escaped."
- .. xxiv (7) "Who nought to him replide." "Who" refers to the new comer, the scared knight.
- .. xxxiii (8) "**Ages grave degree.**" The serious time of old age.
- .. xi. (3) **Nicer hands.** Hands too nice or dainty.

CANTO IX

- Stanza xii (9) "Did seem to laugh at me" is the reading of 1590 and 1596; but the reading of the text is in "Faults escaped."
- .. xxxi (3) **I wote . . . wealth**: *i.e.* I who have been lately taught by trial, and who would not endure the like again for all the world, *I know*, etc.
- .. liii (1) Ed. 1590 reads "Frail, feeble, fleshly wight"; but the term "seely" (= simple, foolish as a child) is more forcible than "feeble," and is used perhaps in an affectionate sense.

CANTO X

- Stanza xx (5) "Dry shod," etc. This line is entirely omitted in Ed. of 1590 and 1596, but is found in the folio of 1609.
- .. xxvii (6) Ed. 1590 reads "His blamefull body in salt water sore."
- .. xxxvi (9) Ed. 1590 and 1596 read "To call in-commers by."

NOTES

Stanza XL (4) **From Turkes**, etc. Among the Turks there was much traffic in Christian slaves in the 16th century, and to ransom these was a work of charity.

LII (8) **For "them,"** read "him" (?)

" LIV (8) **Thrize three . . . ladies.** The nine Muses.

" LVI (5) In "Faults escaped" "piteous" is changed to "precious," and most editors take this reading. But neither Ed. 1590 nor any of the early folios adopt it, and "piteous blood" is a phrase in harmony with Spenser's thought.

LIX (9) "Of earthly fame" is reading of 1590 and 1596, but "frame" is found in "Faults escaped," and makes better sense, as well as avoiding the double use of "fame" in the stanza.

LXIII (4) Ed. 1590 reads "As wretched men, and lived in like paine."

(8) Ed. 1590 reads "And bitter battailes all are fought."

(9) Ed. 1596 omits "they."

CANTO XI

Stanza III This stanza is not found in Ed. 1590.

v (6) **Sacred Muse.** Clio, the muse of History.

v (7) **Aged bride.** Mnemosyne, or Memory.

v (9) Ed. 1590 and 1596 read "Feared nations."

XIII (6) In "Faults escaped" "as" is read for "all," a better reading, perhaps, than that in the text.

XXVII (1) **Great champion.** Hercules, with his twelve labours, whose wife sent him, as a love charm, a poisoned garment, which killed him.

XXXVI (2) **Holy water dew.** "Dew" may mean either (a) bedewing or sprinkling, or (b) due, fitting.

CANTO XII

Stanza IX (1) Ed. 1590 omits the comma at "after."

XXXIX (5) **Trinall triplicities.** According to the scholastic idea, the angels were arranged in threes and nines.